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When I Went West from the Bad Lands to California

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Robt D McGonnigle

When I Went West.

FROM THE BAD LANDS TO CALIFORNIA.

With Illustrations made from Photographs taken by the Author.

By

Robt. D. McGonnigle.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1901.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1924 L

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND AND TRAVELING COMPANION "BERT" (J. R. TINDLE).

R. D. McG.

PREFACE.

THIS little story of the trip I took to the West has not been written for the purpose of bringing myself before the attention of the public especially; but while I was on this journey I kept a memorandum of the doings of each day. Sometimes I wrote them sitting on the ground, sometimes while on a wagon, and often while sitting in the saddle. After I came home a friend had access to these data; he suggested the idea of putting the matter into such shape as I have done, and this little volume is the result herewith submitted to my friends without any further comment. It may be that my geography and geology, as well as some other points will not bear the scrutiny of scientific investigation, and whoever feels disposed to criticise is at liberty to do so to his heart's desire.

ROBT. D. MCGONNIGLE.

PITTSBURG, PA., April, 1901.

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When I Went West.

I.

THE START.

THE West has had a wonderful fascination for me ever since I can remember anything. I do not claim any originality for this notion, because I believe in that respect Americans are all alike. All of us, I venture to say, have in their early youth cherished a longing for the country of the Setting Sun, because of the many marvellous suggestions of romance which are conjured up in our brain when we think of the West. There come before us visions of the Red Man on the warpath with tomahawk and scalping knife, dreams of the endless prairie, of the daring cow-boy, of the gold fields, of the ranch life, of buffalo hunting and other pictures of excitement and adventure that are so interesting to the American boy. But even if I ever entertained the fond hopes that some day I should be able to see all these things in reality, I never really believed that my expectations would be realized.

However, some few years ago circumstances arose which brought the idea of a journey to the West again vividly before my mind, and this time the opportunity presented itself in the alluring form of an invitation from friends of mine who own a ranch in North Dakota. As there were no obstacles to prevent my acceptance of this invitation, I made up my mind to go. Moreover, I was greatly encouraged in my plans by the fact that I was slowly recovering from a serious illness; and my physician, a practical medical man of the highest standing in his profession, when I told him of my intention, remarked at once: "That's it, exactly. Go out West, sleep on the ground and get back to nature."

That settled it. I immediately completed all my preparations, and in the beautiful month of June I was ready to depart.

Now I want to say right here that two friends of mine, "Bert" and "Jack," were going to be my travelling companions, and as they evinced the same anxiety for the trip as I did, it did not take us long before we were on our way to the Custer Trail Ranch, Medora, Billings County, North Dakota, a ranch owned by the Eaton Brothers, who formerly lived in Pittsburg.

With a complete outfit, not extensive but suitable for our purpose, including some guns and ammunition, we took our departure.

II.

FROM PITTSBURG TO ST. PAUL.

WE went by rail from Pittsburg to Cleveland and stayed there over night. The following morning we took the fine steamer Northland across Lake Erie to Duluth, from where the railway was to convey us to the end of our trip. We found about 125 passengers on board the boat, consisting of tourists, miners, prospectors, merchants bound for the Pacific Coast, a bride and groom, and of course a Catholic priest or two. The accommodations on the boat were all first-class. There was a good, comfortable state room, a splendid table, and excellent service. It had been raining in the morning, and the weather on the lake was delightful. At four o'clock in the afternoon we made our first stop at Detroit, where we, however, only remained long enough to load and unload freight, discharged some passengers and took on others. Then we launched out to Mackinac. We passed now through the St. Clair river with its hundreds of hunting and

Custer Trail Ranch.

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fishing camps. The next day we traversed Lake Huron and came to Mackinac. The charming island could be seen for many miles; and standing out very plainly, high above the water, it looked for all the world like a green cameo carved upon the limpid waters of the lake. The beauty of Mackinac, as I looked at it from the deck of our boat, appealed to me very strongly, and I shall never forget the lovely picture.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when we touched at the dock at Mackinac. We were stared at by the usual crowd that is always found there, iucluding the old-fashioned drayman with the old-fashioned dray and the very long "skid" reaching to the ground. The old fort was plainly to be seen from where I stood, showing some signs of decay as the result of its abandonment. The Hotel Grand was visible to the left, and the old Mission House on the right. The aged, deserted church was there, too, indeed, the scene was all so quiet and peaceful one was almost tempted to stop off for an hour or two.

But soon the steamer's whistle blew and awoke us from our reverie. In another few moments we turned our backs upon the beautiful isle, and our

next stop was the "Soo," or more properly called Sault St. Marie, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. Here at the government lock the steamer was lifted over the rapids, but after that our boat again "paddled her own canoe." The ride to the Soo was interesting and enjoyable; we passed through the Mud Lake, which is dotted with a number of small islands. So close did we steam to some of them that we almost touched the shore. The weather was now getting cold, and our overcoats were quite comfortable.

The trip from Detroit to the Soo was especially interesting on account of the many vessels we met. There were steamers, sailing ships, tugs and whalebacks, in fact we passed all sorts and conditions of craft. Often it seemed as if a regular procession of them were parading before us.

The next morning, Friday, found us on Lake Superior, the water of which, we are told, is always ice cold, and anyone falling into it, it is said, is sure of drowning. The air was quite cold, and the smoking room and cafe of the steamer were far preferable to the deck. At one point we saw three mirages, one very close, but the others appeared miles away. All of them were reflections of ships,

and they looked so natural it was difficult for us to imagine that they were not real. They gradually faded away as our good steamer plowed on, bound for Duluth.

I recall here that one of the delicacies served on the ship's table was planked white-fish. Of course, planked shad has always been noted as a great delicacy, but a planked white-fish, fresh out of the waters of Lake Superior, I can assure you is about as tasty a morsel as one can get.

We arrived at Duluth about nine o'clock P. M., two hours behind schedule time and just late enough to miss our railroad connections.

Duluth seems to be built on the side of a hill, and from the deck of our vessel going into her dock a Pittsburger would imagine he was about to land at the South Side. There was the incline plane, the street cars passing along the foot of the hill, the myriads of lights, electric and gas; indeed, it all looked quite home-like. The dock of Duluth was crowded with all sorts of hacks, with any number of hackmen, all talking at once, just like it used to be at Niagara Falls. After some delay we got off the boat. The hackman we hired started his team at break-neck speed, going up a kind of gangway lead-

ing from the dock, and at one point we felt sure our hack would tip over, but by good luck we arrived at the Spalding House safe and sound.

We had now been on the boat for three days and two nights, and while the steamer's accommodations were satisfactory in every respect, I, for one, was glad the "waterway" part of our journey was done. Possibly I am not fond of traveling on the boat, but the fact is, it was monotonous to me, and not at all so enjoyable as I had anticipated.

We were all up bright and early the next morning and spent some time looking about the town. The atmosphere was delightful, clear, cool, bracing and invigorating, and Duluth can claim one thing, if nothing else—a salubrious climate in July. Just what sort of weather they may have about Christmas I did not stop to inquire.

Duluth is a real Western town. In many places sidewalks are built of boards, and the streets are paved with wooden blocks. The town was full of lumbermen, miners, prospectors, etc., which indicated the character of the industries carried on in the vicinity.

The following morning we took our departure from here for St. Paul, where the railroad cars

landed us at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. This part of our journey was full of interest to me. The weather was pleasant and we passed along a chain of many small lakes. Among them was White Bear Lake, which had all the appearance of a popular summer resort.

In St. Paul we discovered that our train for Medora and the end of our trip would not leave until eleven o'clock that night. Hence to while away the time we amused ourselves during the afternoon by riding on the street cars between the twin cities of Minnesota. Soon after our train had pulled out of the station that night, and we had just made ourselves comfortable in the sleeping car, we discovered that three of our fellow-passengers were also going to the Custer Trail Ranch. When we got acquainted it turned out that they were brothers from Chicago, going to spend their vacation on the ranch. The name of one of these young men was Sloan, and so we immediately "dubbed" him "Tod Sloan." He retained this nickname throughout his stay at the ranch, and I have been informed recently that he is yet called "Tod Sloan."

III.

COMING TO THE BAD LANDS.

WE were now coming closer and closer to our journey's end, and our anxiety to get there grew with each revolution of the wheels of our train. Throughout our trip we had been talking and dreaming so much about our prospective life on the ranch that our longing for its realization became almost feverish.

However, the ride from St. Paul to Medora presented to us many new and interesting sights, and had it not been for these diversions that last stage on the railroad would have been very tedious indeed.

The next day we entered the Red River valley, that great grain-producing section of our Northwestern country, where, on all sides, came to our view home-like farm houses, good barns and other evidences of abundance and prosperity among the settlers. It was about breakfast time when the

train made its first stop of the day at Fargo, North Dakota, and although we did not have an opportunity to take very close observations of the town, the general aspect gave us the impression of a prosperous, thriving place.

But we were destined to meet before long with a contrast to this panorama of prosperity. That was at Bismarck, where we crossed the Missouri river. There was a boom in Bismarck a few years ago, as some of you will perhaps remember. Well, this boom was not very stable, and before long it collapsed. When I was there the only signs I could detect of its former existence were the ravages it carried on during the process of decomposition. The boom had left the people nothing, so I am told, but mortgages of all sizes; and what I have heard from Bismarck since is, that most of these mortgages are still there waiting to be lifted.

But in spite of that dreadful visitation of this bursting boom, Bismarck is now doing the Phoenix act—and rising from its ashes. I tell you these Western pioneers are a hardy lot of people, and it takes more than one bursting boom to down them. As I have been among them I have learned to love and respect them, and I sincerely hope that the

people of Bismarck who are trying to rebuild their town and make it once more a prosperous place, will meet with success. They deserve it, and I trust they will get it.

On the other side of the Missouri from Bismarck we came to Mandan, another town where a boom had burst. We could see this by the large brick buildings which were standing out on the prairie like mourning monuments of a glorious past.

At Mandan we caught for the first time glimpses of real cowboys and Indians, who were standing among the crowd that were waiting to see the train steam into the station. There is an Indian store at the depot in Mandan which is full of interesting curiosities, which are for sale, of course, and the train as a rule remains here long enough to give the travelers a chance to spend some of their loose change.

At Dickinson, another mile post nearer our destination, we were again greeted by the usual crowd of cowboys, Indians and settlers; but in addition we also noticed some half a dozen men all minus one leg, and all were beggars. We tried to find out why it was that Dickinson should have this dis-

THE BAD LANDS.

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tinction of a corner in one-legged men, but no one seemed to be able to give the desired information.

Beyond Dickinson the aspect of the country began to show some remarkable changes from what it had been hitherto. It became much rougher and bleak looking, which we knew was a sure indication that we were now approaching the "Bad Lands." But as the end of our journey was also located in the "Bad Lands," we hailed this discovery with delight, because we realized that now our destination could not be much farther off.

With the character of the country we also noticed a change in the style of the human habitations as we passed them. Instead of meeting with what we should call in the East a farm house, we came across a "shack," as it is designated in the parlance of the West.

These "shacks" were built of logs, often set up on end like a stockade. Most of them were one story high, they had a mud roof, and they were generally located under the shelter of a hill.

As we came farther into the Bad Lands the scenery of the country aroused us to astonishment. Hither and thither, all around us, the formation presented an irregular succession of hills, or buttes, as

they are called out there. These buttes rise up from the ground like ever so many monstrous mole-hills. In some cases they are from two hundred to three hundred feet high, but no two buttes are exactly alike. No timber is to be seen; a growth of buffalo or sage grass is the only visible sign of vegetation. Here and there we also observed a patch of "scoria" and great streaks of alkali, which to us looked like rivulets of salt.

We had, of course, heard of the Bad Lands. We knew that our journey was to lead us into them, but now that we were actually there, the sights we beheld were altogether different from what our imagination had pictured them.

It was six o'clock in the evening of July 2nd when our train pulled into Medora station. We were four hours behind schedule time. As I got up from my seat, gathered my loose traveling effects about me, and stepped from the car onto the platform of the primitive depot, I felt as if I were just awaking from a long dream. Anxiously as I had been looking forward to this moment, it was very difficult for me to grasp the fact that the consummation of these dreams of mine were about to be realized.

I was still wondering where I was at when Willis Eaton, of the Custer Trail Ranch, and one of our hosts, slapped me on the shoulder and then shook me by the hands in true Western style.

His hearty welcome soon brought us to our senses. Conveyances were awaiting us and we lost no time tumbling into the wagons to be off for the ranch, which is located about five miles south of Medora station.

That drive was one of the oddest experiences I have ever had. Not that the going was so very bad, although we did take a terrible chance of our lives when we crossed Sully Creek. But the wonderful formation of the country was what impressed us most. We were now in the Bad Lands, you remember, and as we drove along we found ourselves surrounded on all sides by these buttes, which were dotted over the panorama as far as the eye could reach in all directions. It was hill and hollow all the time, and it seemed a puzzle to me how we should find our way over these things. However, no accidents happened, neither did we get lost.

On this drive we passed Prairie Dog Villages, the Peilliser Ranch; we saw Square Butte, about forty

miles away to the west. Then we saw Sentinel Butte and Bullion Butte. These are all much higher than the ordinary buttes, and for that reason they are remarkable.

But everything comes to an end, and so at last did our drive, when we turned down a long, narrow path, which finally landed us at the door of Custer Trail, our destination.

IV.

CUSTER TRAIL RANCH.

ALL of you, I have no doubt, have heard and read much about Western hospitality and cordiality; but let me assure you that no matter how eminent and well qualified may have been the source of your information, its reality has never been properly conveyed second or third hand. Hence I shall not attempt to describe to you the feelings that came over me when we were bid welcome to the Custer Trail Ranch. If we had been children of the house, who were born there and had returned to the home of our boyhood after an absence of many years, the greetings could not have been more spontaneous; and the ring in the voices that expressed these greetings could not have been heartier if those people—many of them perfect strangers to us and we to them—had been our brothers.

No wonder we felt at home as soon as we got there, and when we sat down to table, having our

supper with the crowd and looking around at all the smiling faces beaming upon us with good fellowship, we instinctively felt that "it was good to be there."

Our quarters were assigned to us in a frame building that was part of the ranch "outfit," and which, of course, was called a "shack," like every other building in that country, no difference whether it be a dwelling or a stable. In this "shack" we made our home during our stay on the ranch, and the memories of the pleasant hours we spent together in that primitive structure in the wilderness of North Dakota bring back to my mind some of the most agreeable moments of my life.

After enjoying a good night's rest we awoke in the morning, and then we got up to take in the surroundings.

Custer Trail Ranch is located in a small grove of cottonwood trees, which is about the only kind of timber found in the Bad Lands. The Ranch is situated a mile or so from the Little Missouri River. The place is supplied with water by a system of wells. The water is strongly impregnated with alkali, but nevertheless it is pleasant to the taste,

and as far as I could learn it is not at all unwholesome as a beverage.

The ranch building proper was a two-story structure made of logs. The second story was composed of weather boarding and contained seven rooms. As you entered the front door there was a large apartment observable on the right. This was the general living room, or the ranch headquarters, as it were. In this room was a large book case well stocked with books and other kind of reading matter. The daily papers were spread about on the table. Then there were also some musical instruments here. In addition, this room was also used as a writing room, and it was the custom of some of our friends to conduct here in the evening their correspondence with the outside world.

Opposite these headquarters on the other side of the main entrance was the large, airy dining room, where we had many delicious meals and "swapped" good and bad stories while the eating was going on.

The rooms on the second floor were all used as sleeping apartments.

Besides this main building and the shack my companions and I occupied, there was another shack called the "Dude Pen," a third the "Medora Flats,"

and at last there had been two large tents erected to take care of the "overflow." These tents were known by the name of the "Midway." The structures I have named thus far were all used for dwelling purposes, while there were still some other buildings, such as the blacksmith shop, the corrals, the stable, etc., which made up the complete ranch or "outfit."

There were about forty people located at Custer Trail Ranch when I was its guest. Some fifteen of them were school boys from Chicago and Pittsburg, who had come out West to spend their vacation by leading this rough, outdoor life for the amusement and the recreation there was in it. These boys lived in the "Midway," and as far as wildness, hilarity and "cutting up" was concerned, the goings on in the Midway at the Chicago World's Fair were a Sunday school affair in comparison.

The rest of the population on the ranch were visitors and guests like ourselves, and then the regular members of the household, the servants, stablemen, ranchmen, and last, but not least, the cowboys.

Driving up the Herd.

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V.

LIFE ON THE RANCH.

VERY often I have been asked, "What sort of a life did you live on the ranch, and what did you do with yourself all day?" And whenever this question has been put to me I had to think and study awhile before I was ready to give an answer. Now this hesitation on my part was not occasioned because we led a life of idleness and I had nothing to tell. On the contrary, every day was taken up with so many different things that it was difficult for me to recall all the occupations we enjoyed during one particular day.

The ranch life is on the whole very irregular, and no one is bound down to any routine, like your bath, your breakfast, going to the office, then to lunch, then back to the office, and at last return home for the evening. There seems to be an atmosphere of freedom and independence that pervades the country out West which manifests itself also amongst the people who live there. The result

is they do things as they please and when they please. Of course that kind of thing would not work in the East, but out there, where everybody is animated by the same spirit, the system acts like a charm.

Many of you will think that under such conditions not much can be accomplished, but you are wrong. The people on the ranches are all hard working individuals; each one knows what he has to do, and he does not shirk his work, because he is not "bossed" all the time. Indeed, a fellow who would try "soldiering," as we call it here, would soon find the place out West too hot for him, and he would gladly clear out of his own volition.

At Custer Trail they had about six hundred head of cattle and the same number of horses. The cattle were practically kept on the range and so were part of the horses. Some two or three hundred horses were kept in a place known as the big pasture, and they were driven into the corral every morning, when those that were to be used would be "caught up" with a lariat or rope, and the balance were driven back again into this pasture. Every person on the ranch had two horses assigned to him to be ridden on alternate days. After we had breakfast in the

morning we used to go to this corral and watch the horses being caught up. We had to be there on time, because you never knew whether your horse would be caught first or last, and if you happened to be out of sight when yours had been roped, why the animal would be let go again. The chances then were that you had to do without a mount for that day. But supposing you reported on time, like we always did, then we got our horses as they were brought up, and now we had to take charge of them for the rest of the day. Wherever we went the horses went with us. In fact, on the ranch very little walking is done; it is all riding, and the people practically live on horseback.

The catching of these horses would take about two hours every morning, and of course you can imagine there was quite a lot of excitement connected with this proceeding.

Then there was much going on about the corral and the stables during this time that was all very interesting to us. Sometimes the saddles were mixed up, or the blankets had been mislaid, or some other parts of our outfit had been lost or hidden, all of which diversion caused annoyance to some and amusement to the others.

Then we would watch the men "cinching" up a broncho, and the trouble and excitement that goes along with that work afforded the onlookers much amusement. At last, however, we were all ready to go off sight-seeing, and all the parties scattered in every direction. These trips were of constantly changing interest; indeed, in their variety of scenery the Bad Lands are very remarkable.

We used Mexican saddles with a high pommel and cantel. The bridle was an ordinary Western curb bit with a single rein.

The horses are trained to a fox trot or lope, and they are great travelers of marvelous endurance, very sure-footed and under excellent control. They are never shod or curried, and, remarkable as it seemed to me, they knew nothing about being fed with grain. To make a Western ranch horse take to oats is an impossibility, unless you were to teach it first how to eat them. These animals "rustle" for themselves, as it is called, both in summer and winter. After a long ride, as soon as the saddle is taken off their backs, they will roll on the ground, shake themselves, get up, and then they are ready for another journey.

When we did not have any plans for a day's excursion we used to stay around the ranch trying to make ourselves useful. There was always some errand to go on, or a trip to make somewhere, and everyone was ready at any time to turn in and do what he could.

Thus the day passed before we knew it, and in the evening we would gather at headquarters or in some of the shacks to go over the occurrences of the day or tell stories.

One thing I vividly remember, and that is that we were always ready to eat; and when it was time to go to bed we went to sleep without requiring to be rocked.

The clothing we wore was chosen more with an idea for comfort than for appearance. The general costume consisted of a big hat, flannel shirt, overalls, large boots and gloves.

The arrival of the mail in the afternoon was always an important event, and often the mail-pouch brought no less than a hundred letters and papers.

VI.

THE COWBOY.

THE second day after our arrival at Custer Trail was the Fourth of July, and a grand program had been prepared for the faithful celebration of America's greatest holiday. But before I give the details of these festivities I shall tell you something about one of the most unique characters of the West, the North American cowboy.

Eastern people, as a rule, have an erroneous conception of the cowboy. The prevailing idea seems to be that he is a wild, reckless, dare-devil. A brawling braggart, an unfeeling rascal, who cares neither for the laws of God nor man. We usually see him pictured on horseback, armed to the teeth, flourishing a revolver and apparently shooting at everything in sight. Most of these impressions do the cowboy an injustice.

In judging the character of the cowboy you must consider his social environments, his mode of living and his occupation. It is true that his manner is very independent, and that he does not allow anyone

to order him about. But this results from the fact that he is ordinarily surrounded by circumstances where he has to rely entirely upon his own personal resources. Living out on the prairie, away from all civilization, where the polishing influences of culture never reach him, constantly threatened by manifold dangers to life and limb, free from the restraining authority of boss and master, is it any wonder that he should acquire instinctively a freedom of action and independence, which would seem strange among people in any other walk of life?

Now let me tell you what the impressions were which I formed of the cowboys during the time I lived with them and associated with them under various conditions. In my opinion the average cowboy is one of the finest specimen of American manhood.

His outdoor life and constant exposure to the elements have made him physically strong. The many dangers and difficulties he has to encounter in the pursuance of his work have sharpened his wits. They have made him fearless, alert, brave and courageous.

Speaking of his character I would call him wholesouled, generous, charitable, open-hearted and chiv-

alrous, but he is quick to resent an insult, real or imaginary.

In his manner he is jovial, noisy, dashing, and often boisterous, but not vicious.

In his habits he is frugal and temperate. He is fond of gambling, but he never cheats.

Of course cowboys sometimes go on a "spree," as they call it, especially after they have just returned from an extended trip, and when they get into a town or settlement on these occasions they usually make a great racket, but this I consider is merely an involuntary outburst of their exuberant spirits, which have been dormant so long, while they were away after the cattle.

The cowboy is an expert shot with the gun and revolver, but I think that he follows the practice of shooting more as a matter of pastime, and that he does not try to become a skilled marksman, because he has a desire to shoot his fellow-men. On the other hand, he finds the revolver very handy in the prairie for killing snakes and other wild beasts. At last, however, it must not be forgotten that the revolver is the weapon which everybody carries out West for personal safety and to defend himself.

JOHN GROGAN'S RANCH, NORTH DAKOTA.

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The cowboy is the personification of honesty and hospitality. A sneak or a thief never stays long amongst them, because as soon as he is found out the place is made so hot for him that he is glad to get away alive. Strangers are always made welcome, and the cowboy will divide with his guest all he possesses, without expecting anything in return.

Of course they are almost constantly on horseback. Most of them are smooth-shaven, but some of them have little mustachios. They wear big sombrero hats and large spurs.

One peculiar characteristic of the cowboys I noticed was that they are inveterate cigaret smokers. They roll these things themselves. A paper of tobacco is always carried in their right hip pocket, and the cigaret paper is in the flannel shirt pocket on the left side. It is astonishing to see how quickly they can roll, in the deftest manner, a nice cigaret, while they are riding along at their work. I inquired into the reason for their preference of cigarets to any other form of tobacco, and I found that they could not carry cigars or pipes so conveniently.

VII.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE following posters had been distributed previous to the anniversary of the day of American Independence:

* * * * *

A Grand Celebration will be held on July 4th at Medora.

* * * * *

PONY RACES ON THE BUTTES.

* * * * *

BASE BALL GAME BETWEEN THE SENTINEL BUTTES AND THE MEDORAS.

* * * * *

FOOT RACES, CLIMBING GREASED POLE,
POTATO RACE, ETC.

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GRAND BALL IN THE EVENING AT THE HALL.

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ALL ARE INVITED.

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COME AND HAVE A GOOD DAY'S SPORT.

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By order of the Committee on Arrangements.

On the morning of the Fourth every person about the ranch was mounted early, and we all started for Medora. When we got there we could see the cowboys and ranchmen coming in from all directions, generally riding at the accustomed "lope." All looked determined to have a good time.

A profusely decorated grand stand had been erected in the Public Square of the town, and here the notables of the surrounding section, with their ladies, were out in force. Some of the visitors had come from distances of over fifty miles.

Big Pete, ex-Sheriff of Billings County, was master of ceremonies, and he acquitted himself of his onerous responsibilities with supreme satisfaction, especially to himself. By the time the races were ready to begin Big Pete made his way at the head of a large procession of onlookers towards the butte, located immediately back of the town. On this butte the races were to be held. The side of the hill facing us rose up almost perpendicular, and in consequence to reach the summit it was necessary to go around it to the other side, where a narrow path led to the top, while a winding trail made it possible for the vehicles to get to the same destination.

The summit of the butte was as level as a billiard table and stretched out like an immense meadow covered with buffalo grass. This made an ideal race course.

The races were "straight away," and the distances, quarter of a mile, half a mile and one mile, were marked by wooden pegs.

The weather was very beautiful, not too hot nor yet too cool; the atmosphere was clear and exhilarating. We arrived on the top some time before the races started, and this gave us a splendid opportunity of watching the crowd coming towards the butte from the town. We stood on the brink of this steep hill, about two hundred feet high, and the sight of the moving cavalcade of enthusiastic people down below was a very interesting spectacle. Now the cowboys came trooping up dressed in their most attractive style. With them came a number of ladies, also mounted like the cowboys. Then came a long string of vehicles of all kinds, all moving along at a very brisk pace.

By this time the signal was given that the races were about to start. This threw the ranchmen, the cowboys, yes, even the ponies, into a greater state of excitement than they had been before. Every-

body except the ponies was now betting on the result of the first race.

Finally the animals that were to be in the contest lined up. Then down the course they came, their riders yelling as only cowboys can yell, and the crowd shouting to encourage them in their efforts. The riders were "quirting" the ponies at every jump.

Many of the races had to be run over a second time before a decision was arrived at, and thus the noise and excitement was kept up incessantly until the last race was over.

When this part of the program had been finished, Big Pete requested the crowd to follow him back into Medora to attend the balance of the entertainment.

This was done, and when we got back into the town we saw the base ball game, a foot race, a potato race and the climbing of the greased pole. The base ball game was played by a team from Sentinel Butte and the Medora nine. The Sentinels had ridden seventy-five miles to take part in this sport, and after the game was over—they, by the way, being defeated—the Sentinels rode back to their homes that night.

When the outdoor amusements were over the sun was sinking in the West, and most of the holiday-makers were ready for the grand ball. But I did not stay for that, and so I am not able to give you a description thereof.

We returned to Custer Trail that evening, and the following day we settled down to a regular every-day life on the ranch. Sometimes we would go on long excursions out on the trail to Dutchmans' Barn Butte, to Chimney Butte and other points of interest in the neighborhood. The weather was generally very pleasant, and although the thermometer was often a hundred degrees in the shade, the nights were always cool.

VIII.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

ABOUT the middle of July it was proposed that we make a trip across the prairie to the Sioux Indian Reservation, located at the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates. This is on the Big Missouri river, about two hundred miles in a southeasterly direction from Medora, and seventy-five miles below Bismarck. We were told that at certain periods of the year the Indians receive rations from the government, and it was intimated to us, if we started right then, we could get to Fort Yates about the time of the Indians' arrival for their allowance of meat and provisions.

The prospect appealed to us very strongly, because, while the distribution of rations to the Red Men was to us a novel spectacle in itself, and for that reason of especial interest, we also promised ourselves much fun and entertainment from the ride across the prairie. The expedition being arranged for, preparations for the journey immediately began.

You must understand that these preparations were of no insignificant consideration, as you will see. There were thirty-five of us in the party, including the boys. It was calculated that it would take about a week to get to Fort Yates, and as we did not expect to pass through any town or settlement, where we might be able to make purchases, or where we could stop for the night, we had to provide ourselves with all the necessaries of life that we might want, including a supply of provisions for all of us, as well as beds.

When we started, our caravan was composed of the following: Mr. Alden Eaton, one of our hosts, led the "outfit" as the guide, and he was the man in charge. Out of the thirty-five persons in the party thirty were mounted. We had two wagons, one to carry the beds and the other for the provender. The first was called the bed-wagon, and the second the mess-wagon. We took eighty-five horses or ponies. Each rider had two, one for every other day, and the wagon teams were changed the same way.

The bed-wagon contained a small tent for the cook and some thirty "tarps." Tarps is an abbreviation of the word tarpaulins. They measured

Sioux Indians, Standing Rock Agency.

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10x15 feet, and they were used as beds in the following manner: Two men had one tarp between them which they would spread on the ground. Then two or three blankets would be placed on the top of the tarpaulin in lieu of mattresses and sheets. After that you laid two or three more blankets over this, which formed the covering, and over that came another tarp.

We had war-bags with us, which contained such change of clothing as we deemed advisable to take along, and these war-bags we used as pillows.

I ought to say here that our outfit was very complete in every detail, and somewhat better than what is generally carried by the men who are inured to Western life and Western country, and, as it were, are to the "manor born."

The mess-wagon carried a stove, all the necessary cooking apparatus, as well as the supply of provisions, which I can assure you was no small amount for such a large party. Incidentally I will say that there was not one in the crowd who had anything the matter with his appetite.

Moving along we formed this column: Mr. Alden Eaton with four or five horsemen rode at the head and showed the way. About half a mile behind

them followed the mess-wagon, accompanied by another detail of riders. Then perhaps another half mile back came the bed-wagon, also in charge of a detail of four or five horsemen. At last, possibly a mile in the rear, would be the herd of extra horses for the men and the wagons. This detachment was also in charge of a number of men who were held responsible for them, and see to it that none would go astray.

In this manner our outfit stretched along over the trail for a distance of two or three miles, and the alkali dust kicked up by each detachment, especially by the horses in the rear, made such tremendous clouds so as to choke anybody. I believe it was principally on account of this enormous amount of dust which we raised that the column was arranged in detachments, separated by such long distances.

Not long after we had started away from Custer Trail Ranch a terrible rainstorm came up very suddenly, like they do out in that country occur very often. But we had gone too far to turn back, and so we went on through the rain.

About seven o'clock in the evening we crossed the border of the Bad Lands and entered upon the

prairie, where we soon after discovered a small spring. Since water is a necessary adjunct to a camping place, and as it is a commodity not to be found everywhere on the prairie, we determined to halt here for the night.

The going into camp was quite an event for me, and an experience I shall never forget. As one detachment of our outfit after the other came up the horses were unsaddled and then turned loose to herd. A detail of two men were appointed to guard them all night in "two hour watches."

When the wagons came up Bill Jones, our cook, took his stove and kitchen utensils and began to get supper. What a job this was it will not be difficult to imagine if you take into consideration that we were about as hungry a lot of fellows as ever there were anywhere. Thirty miles of horseback riding is apt to make anybody hungry. Then we must remember our schoolboys, all strong and healthy lads, who could gormandize like veritable Anacondas.

While the cook was occupied with the pots and pans the rest of us were engaged making our beds. It was the duty of each pair of sleeping partners to get their own "tarps" spread out, and Bert and I were doing "stunts" as chamber maids in the

most approved fashion. Soon our beds looked very inviting.

When we had finished that part of our work we went over to the kitchen to get our tin plate, our knife, fork, spoon and a tincup. We were now ready and anxious to eat. Imagine therefore our chagrin when we found that, although Jones was working away for dear life, there was still nothing to be had. We soon found out the trouble, however. The schoolboys, or "kids," as we called them, were so hungry that they made up their minds not to bother about their sleeping accommodations until they had satisfied the cravings of their voracious appetites. And now they were sitting around the kitchen on the ground watching the cook. Every time he had cooked a portion he would yell at them, "Fly to it!" and the boys followed his injunction literally by making one grand "center rush" at him whenever he had a plateful ready.

Still, we all got as much as we wanted, and no one went to bed hungry. The bill of fare consisted of fried bacon, baked biscuits, boiled potatoes, coffee and butter; and although I have sat down to more sumptuous meals than this one, I never enjoyed one so much than on this occasion in the open prairie,

with the green ground as the table and the broad canopy of heaven as the tablecloth.

To give you some idea of the quantity of food we disposed of I need only cite one item, viz., bacon, thirty pounds. A healthy appetite we had, don't you think so?

By nine o'clock we had all crawled under our "tarps," and soon the camp was as quiet and death-like as a graveyard. This silence oppressed me somewhat at first, but I was so tired that I soon got used to it and was asleep with the rest.

IX.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

IF we had been told before we started on our journey over the prairie that we should have to bear hardships, privations and discomforts, we most likely would have shrugged our shoulders disdainfully and gone just the same. And now that it is all over and I can calmly reflect upon the past in a dispassionate manner, thinking of all our experiences, the bitter as well as the sweet, I must say that I am glad that I went. But in spite of this I can assure you there were often moments during that trip to Fort Yates when I wished myself anywhere rather than where I was. Horseback riding is exhilarating exercise, and I am passionately fond of it. Traveling has always been my delight, because I rejoice in seeing strange lands and scenes, but when it comes to traveling on horseback through the prairie in cloudy billows of akali dust that almost choke you, not a house or a tree within sight, the sun beating down upon you with an intensity of at least one hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit, a

breeze blowing across your face like the blazing heat from a furnace. When your tongue is parched to the roof of your mouth, and you have no water to drink, nor do you know when you may get some, and all the while the mosquitos are whizzing around your head and driving you nearly frantic if you sit down for a few moments only; under such conditions I aver traveling is not altogether pleasant.

After having made this little disgression we will now return to our camp.

In the morning we were awake about four o'clock. While the cook started the fire to get breakfast we proceeded to wash ourselves from the meagre supply of water. Our "tarps" we rolled up and put them into the bed-wagon. The horses were driven into a rope corral, and those to be used that day were caught up. Everybody saddled and bridled his own horse, and by seven o'clock all were ready to start. In counting our horses we found seven had strayed away in the night, in spite of the care taken by the horse wranglers to keep them together. They had gone to the H. T. Ranch some seventy-five miles away, where the leader of them, called "Hodan," had been raised. Here we afterwards found them.

Our journey now took us over the Black Hills Trail, passing through fine pastures and just outside of the Bad Lands, which were on our right. At noon we arrived at the head of the Cannon Ball river, where our horses were turned out to herd while we had lunch. At two o'clock we caught up our horses again, loaded the mess-wagon and followed the same trail. The whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was a rolling prairie, wild flowers on all sides, but no other signs of life. About seven o'clock in the evening we came to the White Ranch on Cedar Creek and went into camp for the night. Here we had a good spring of water and an excellent camping ground, but the mosquitos were numerous and busy. To escape the objectionable familiarity of these insects we got into our "tarps" and covered our heads immediately after supper. We left here at eight o'clock the following morning, but before we got started we had some difficulty harnessing the bronchos.

We stopped for lunch at Rainy Butte, where we found a spring of very delicious water. The boys had some fun here with a bull snake that was eight feet long. They killed it eventually. These snakes are common on the prairie, and they are not veno-

On the Way to Indian Reservation.

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mous. The day was extremely hot, and as we understood that we should find no water on the trail until we came to Sherman Ranch, a distance of twenty miles, we supplied ourselves with water in all the kegs and bottles that were available. But the oppressive heat made us very thirsty. The alkali dust burned our faces, and before we had traveled many miles our supply of water was exhausted. Then we lost our trail, and in trying to find it again we came across several places which looked as if they contained drinkable water, but upon investigation they turned out to be cow-wallows. With the thirst, the heat and the disappointments, most of us felt miserable. But not so the "kids." Some of these cow-wallows were teeming with snakes, and ignoring their physical sufferings, the schoolboys jumped off their ponies and managed to have a wonderful amount of fun with these reptiles. Such is youth.

Fortunately our misery ended at last. We discovered our trail again and reached the Sherman Ranch and our camping place about six o'clock. It had been a hard day, and I heard no complaint of sleeplessness that night.

The settlers at the Sherman Ranch were Russians, and as they could not speak English our intercourse with them was of necessity very limited. When we left there the following morning at eight o'clock it was already very hot, with every indication that the blazing intensity of the previous day was to be our lot again. Our progress under these conditions was not very rapid, and when noon came we determined to halt and lunch on the prairie. But who would want to eat in that heat? Hunger, in fact, did not worry us at all. It was shade we wanted and water. But even while we were suffering the agonies of thirst our spirits never flagged. And that under these trying circumstances our sense of the ludicrous had not altogether left us was proved when one of our party blurted out as well as his parched lips would let him, "I'd give ten dollars for a bottle of beer!" All who heard him laughed and said that they'd make it twenty dollars.

Suddenly, I do not remember how it happened, some one discovered that there was a ranch two miles off. As this announcement inferred the prospect of water, we forgot all else in our anxiety to be off. Our efforts were rewarded, because we found good water at this ranch, and taking an extra supply

with us we continued our journey until evening, when we camped on Cedar Creek. At Cedar Creek we had a great treat. We indulged in the enjoyment of our first bath since leaving Custer Trail Ranch. How we revelled in that luxury you may well imagine. It improved everyone's spirits, and after supper we sat about on the ground for hours listening to the reminiscences of Bill Jones, our cook.

X

A WESTERN CHARACTER.

BILL JONES bore the distinction from any other individual of that name by being familiarly known as "Foul-Mouthed" Bill Jones. And never was nickname more deservedly bestowed than in this particular instance. He swore incessantly; in fact it was impossible for him to make the most ordinary statement without introducing it by an oath or else bringing in one of his choicest epithets at the tail end.

When I met him he was about sixty years of age, and by his own account he had been living in the West for the last thirty-five years. Where he originally came from no one seemed to know, and upon this point alone Bill Jones religiously held his own council. I have always honored him for his reticence about the place of his youth, because even Paradise would have been polluted if Bill Jones had said he came from there.

When he reached the West for the first time he got a place as driver with the government surveying

BILL JONES.

party, which surveyed the Northern Pacific railroad. Subsequently he became a stage driver, then a guard of the Black Hills stage, then a cowboy, a ranchman and at last a sheriff.

At this period must have been the zenith of his career, because after that he became a gambler, a miner, a steamboatman, a buffalo hunter and a general "rounder." He has no regular occupation now, and people merely give him employment from a motive of charity.

At last accounts I heard of Bill Jones in California. Indeed, as you will see farther on, he went there with our party when we took a trip into the "Yellowstone."

Stripping his narratives of their oaths and vulgar, often blasphemous appendages, Bill Jones could tell some good stories; and while it may be that he sometimes stretched the truth, or indulged in prevarications in order to surround his own deeds with the glamour of the heroic and romantic, his experiences were quite interesting.

To the student his racontations might be valuable, inasmuch as they would form a good illustration of life and character in the West at a period when vice and lawlessness were rampant in those countries.

How many men Bill Jones has killed in his days it would be hard to estimate, but from the scraps of history, as told by himself and what I learned from others who had known him for years, his victims must have been many.

There can be no doubt that he was a terrible desperado when he was in his prime, as some of the accounts of his experiences would show.

Medora, the capital of Billings county, was founded by a wealthy Frenchman, the Marquis De Mores, who had married a rich American girl. This marquis was fertile in the conception of commercial schemes, and one of his theories was, that instead of having the cattle from the Western ranches brought to abattoirs and slaughterhouses in the East, they should be in the West. It was this idea which brought him to Medora, and he erected an abattoir which was the most complete establishment of its kind. It is standing yet. He also built himself a palace in Medora to superintend his operations personally. Well, to make a long story short, the project did not work, and the Marquis De Mores quit the West under the ruins of his extravagant venture.

But while these operations were going on Medora enjoyed quite a boom and many people were attracted to the place. At this time the town had over three thousand inhabitants, and it was about as "hot" a "joint" as could be found in the West. Gambling, vice and lawlessness of every description were the order of the day, and the respectable element of the population was forced to establish a "Kangaroo Court" to protect themselves from the many bad characters of the town.

In those days of Medora's prime Bill Jones was a very prominent character.

Once some one placed Bill in charge of a couple of young bears which he succeeded in taming, and after awhile the two animals became so attached to him that he rarely went anywhere without being accompanied by his four-footed charges. When the trains came into Medora station Jones was always to be seen on the platform with his two bears behind him. But the spirit for mischief was in him one day and he went with his bears through the train. The commotion they raised among the passengers was terrible. Children screamed, women fainted and men jumped out of the windows, scared almost to death by the big brutes. But Bill calmly walked out

MORNING SCENE. CAMP AT "DAIRY," YELLOWSTONE.

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of the cars with his two bears and returned to town as if nothing had occurred that he had been interested in. However, he had greatly enjoyed the "fun," as he called it, and so had the other natives. So after that it became a regular performance for the bears, with Bill Jones at their heads, to go through all the passenger trains that came into Medora.

This kept on for a long time, until at last some one lodged a complaint with the railroad company, and then the management armed the conductors with revolvers and issued orders to them to shoot anyone who dared to bring live bears into the train at Medora. Of course this spoiled Bill Jones' little frolic for the future.

There is another story they tell of him which shows what a dare-devil spirit he was when younger, and it also proves that he must have been a dead shot.

He was in one of the local dives in Medora one day with a lot of other cowboys when a stranger came in who looked the typical tender-foot. The stranger walked up to the bar and asked for a bottle of beer while the crowd sat around watching him. The beer was handed to the guest, and he had put

the bottle to his mouth to drink when Bill Jones said to his chums:

"Watch me spoil the fellow's beer." With these words he whipped out his pistol, a report was heard, and the bullet passed clean through the neck of the bottle between the man's hand and his lips. For a moment the stranger was dazed, but he evidently was not the tender-foot he looked, because as he turned towards the crowd and observed the revolver in Jones' hand, he quietly remarked:

"Say, my friend, you have spoiled my drink, and I'll oblige you to buy me a new one."

This nerve and coolness of the man pleased Bill so much that he got up, shook hands with him and told him to go ahead and order all the drinks he wanted, and that he would pay for them.

But Bill Jones is not that kind of a man any more to-day. He is old, his strength is gone, and the conditions have changed in the West considerably since the time when such characters were allowed to flourish and terrorize respectable society. Indeed, it may be said that Bill Jones is one of the last of a dying race of men; a race, the representatives of which were years ago to be found throughout the West, in the mining camps, among the cowboys, in

the towns and on the prairie. However, the ever-onward march of civilization and the arm of the law, which is now reaching out farther and surer in this country than ever before, are tolling the death-knell to Bill Jones and his "ken."

In our outfit Jones was constantly at loggerheads with the schoolboys, whom he detested. In this, however, I must say he was not so much at fault as the "kids," because they took particular delight in teasing and worrying the old man into exasperation. The practical jokes they played upon him, whenever they had an opportunity, were enough to try the patience of Job, and it was not to be wondered at that he would swear at them on all occasions.

During our trip to Fort Yates, while we were resting on the prairie at Goose's School House, because the heat was so oppressive that even the horses seemed to be played out, these boys, who seemed to be proof against all the elements, concocted a plan which nearly drove Bill Jones mad. Some of them absented themselves for a few minutes and then suddenly came back with the tale of having discovered a spring in a dugout in the rear of the school house. Of course we all knew it was a hoax, but Bill took the bait and went off in quest of

water. He searched and searched in the boiling sun and under the fierce waftings of the hot breeze to find that spring, but in vain. At last he came back, and I can assure you there was "sulphur" in the air when he got through delivering himself of his wrath upon the "kids."

XI.

PRAIRIE, PRAIRIE, PRAIRIE!

AT EIGHT o'clock the next morning we left our camp knowing that we had another hot day before us. At noon we camped again on Cedar Creek. It had been our intention to stop here for lunch only, but the animals as well as ourselves were played out to such an extent that we made up our minds to stay until the next day. There was not an opposing voice to this proposition.

Our camp was in a nice stretch of meadow land, where we put up our cook tent and spread out our fly to find under its shade some relief from the extreme heat. In the evening we all enjoyed the luxury of another bath. But after supper the mosquitos became so bad that we had to hunt the cover of our tarps to escape them.

In all our travels this far we had not found a single tree to afford us the least shade. Wherever the eye would turn it was all prairie, prairie, prairie.

The next morning found us much refreshed from our long rest, and this was well, for we antici-

pated a long and waterless journey. Our plans were to cover that day twenty-five miles, which would land us for the next camping ground on the Indian Reservation.

When we departed from the banks of the Cedar Creek we laid in an extra supply of water. But although we hoped that we had taken abundantly it was as usual, very soon all gone, and the moment we knew there was no more to drink our thirst became greater. For the following five hours we had a terrible experience. Our lips were as dry as parchment, and the agonies of thirst increased with every moment. Blessed was the man who chewed tobacco, because he seemed to be able to endure the want of water much better than any of the others. Some of us canvassed the outfit for "chewing gum," but there was none to be had. There was not even a pebble to be found anywhere which we might have put into our parched mouths to chew upon.

To add to our disappointments the prairie here was quite deceptive in its undulations. Every ridge we saw on the horizon we believed would bring us again to the brink of Cedar Creek, but like the cable cars in San Francisco, there always seemed to be one more hill before we reached the top.

At one o'clock in the day we did at last arrive on the summit, and away off to the right we discerned a few brushes, where we were told Cedar Creek would be. At this announcement a number of us galloped off, and in his anxiety to get to the water one of our party plunged into a bed of quicksand. Horse and rider were soon almost submerged and we had an awful time getting him out. First we pulled the man out of the saddle, then we took the saddle off the horse, and, putting a rope around the animal, we also got it upon firm ground after much exertion. When we were over this trouble the leaders of our four-in-hand ran away, and it took us some time to recapture them. And all this while the heat was intense and our sufferings from thirst became harder than ever to bear.

But now we saw away off on our left an old mud shack, and as we were told that the creek was near it, we again made a dash for the promised water. Happily in this instance our information was correct. After riding along as hard as we could we saw a small stream with a few bushes on either side. Arriving at the brink we jumped off our horses, and while the sagacious animals waded into the water we laid ourselves flat on our stomachs, drinking and

drinking. The water was somewhat warm, it is true, but it was clear, and, above all, it was water. It was so good I can taste it yet.

In the meantime the balance of our outfit had also come up, and it was not long until all of us were refreshed at this welcome stream.

At this point Cedar Creek divided North Dakota from the Indian Reservation, and as we decided to camp in the latter territory, the whole outfit crossed to the other side. Then we rested, the cook putting up his tent, erecting his stove and starting to get us something to eat.

Here we experienced the greatest heat during the entire trip. The thermometer was one hundred and four degrees in the shade. The irons on our stirrups were so hot that to touch them would almost burn one's hands. There was a hot wave sweeping across the prairie like the heat of a blast furnace, and the dust was filled with alkali, so that our faces were burned as if by fire. In vain we made every possible effort to get relief from the hot rays of the sun. Some sat on the ground and put their heads into the shadow of the ponies. Others tried to find shelter beneath some small bushes which grew near by. As many as could find room crawled underneath

"Old Faithful" in the Yellowstone.

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the wagon. But it was all to very little purpose. Suddenly an awful stillness seemed to overcome the whole camp which affected me very strangely. There was no noise or sound of any kind, no animal to be seen or heard. I became alarmed at this sensation, and in spite of my sufferings with the heat I arose from the ground. To break the terrible monotony with the patter of the horse's hoofs, the champing of the bit and the creaking of the saddle, I mounted, but I now felt the heat worse than ever, and before long I was forced to get off the horse again.

What was my amazement, however, when at about three o'clock, two hours after we had arrived here, I observed that the rope corral was being put up, a sure sign that we were breaking camp.

XII.

JOHN GROGAN'S HOSPITALITY.

I WAS practically worn out, and when I saw these preparations which meant that we were going on to the next camp, a distance of twenty miles, I began to shudder at the prospect, and I wondered how I might escape it. Then I bethought me of the old mud shack, which we had left not long ago, and I determined to go back there and stay until I had somewhat recovered from the terrible heat, that seemed to have made me unfit for the time to continue the journey. One of our party, "Arbie," to whom I imparted my intention, agreed to go with me, and promising the rest that we would follow them as soon as possible, we waved our hands and turned back.

In anticipation of the rest and comfort that was awaiting us at the shack, we hurried on at our utmost speed and soon found ourselves at our destination. After we had put up our horses we sat down under a few boards, which did service as the roof of the piazza or porch, and looking up the trail we ob-

JOHN GROGAN.

served our outfit disappearing over the brow of the distant hill. The owner of the place was apparently not at home, and so we made ourselves comfortable, awaiting his return.

This shack looked something like the adobe houses in Mexico. It was one story high, had three rooms and some sort of an attached kitchen. The furniture was not very elegant, and the place on the whole was not very inviting, but just now it was as good as a palace. We were wondering how many people lived in this primitive dwelling on the lonely prairie, at least twenty miles from the nearest habitation. We were still discussing this point when a man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, came riding up to the house, and presuming that he was the owner, one of us said:

"We have come to camp with you."

"All right," he replied, and after having put away his horses he came back to us.

"Make yourselves at home," he now said in the most pleasant manner, "while I go and 'rustle' up some supper."

Not wishing to disturb him in this occupation, we got up and walked down to the creek, which was a little ways in front of the house. We had been

away long enough to take a bath, but when we came back the savory smell of the cooking told us that our host had been busy during our absence. Just as we reached the door he met us and told us that supper was waiting.

To our astonishment we found two more guests inside, an old gentleman and his wife, who were traveling from Grand River to Bismarck, their home. I wondered at the hardihood and energy of this old couple to undertake a journey like that.

Our repast was a very pleasant one. The victuals of our host were, of course, of ordinary fare, but they tasted exceedingly well. We seemed to be all good talkers and the conversation never flagged. The old gentleman and his wife, we learned, came originally from Crawford County, Pennsylvania, and when we told them that our homes were in Pittsburg we soon began exchanging reminiscences of our grand state.

After supper my companion and I felt so much better, and the evening was so pleasant, that we concluded we would continue our journey immediately and catch up to our outfit before they had gone to bed in their camp. When we apprised our host of this determination, he made not the least ob-

jection. He brought our horses around, and we also observed that he had one for himself.

"You don't mean to say you are going with us?" we asked in astonishment.

"Sure," he replied. "It is twenty miles to the camp, and you would never find it by yourselves."

Of course we did not feel inclined to get lost on the prairie, and although we were sorry that we had said we were going to leave him, we cheerfully accepted his proposition.

In a few more moments we were off.

Our former host and now our guide proved to be a remarkable talker while in the saddle. From the time we left his shack until he said good-bye to us he was talking without interruption. The distance was, as I said before, twenty miles. We rode hard and it only took us about two hours. During that time he told us the history of his whole life, gave us his family connections, what sort of people they were, and a thousand and other things he spoke about that I can not remember. He never waited for us to answer him; in fact, I do not think that he expected us to do so, and hence the only words either of us said all the way were "Yes" and "No."

At last, after we had reached the summit of another ridge, we saw a light at a distance down the valley. It was the first light seen since we left the shack. Here our guide suddenly halted, and we did the same.

"Do you see that light down there?" he asked us.

"Yes." The habit of talking in monosyllables still stuck to us.

"Well, that is your camp. Can you find it?"

"Yes," again we said.

"All right, then; good-night," and wheeling about on his horse he was off, back to his home.

This incident has often come back to me, and every time I think over it I come to the conclusion that this man's treatment of us on that occasion was the most perfect demonstration of disinterested hospitality that ever was bestowed upon a man by one of his fellow-creatures.

Just consider what he did.

He invited us into his house without asking our names, where we came from, where we were going to. He gave us something to eat, offered to take care of us as long as we chose to stay, and then when we wanted to leave he saddled our horses, then his own, and rode with us over the prairie for

a distance of twenty miles, which meant that he had to return by himself another twenty. And when he guided us practically to the very door of our camp he wheeled around as quickly as he could, as if he feared that we might wish to thank him for what he had done.

That was John Grogan, the Western ranchman, and I take off my hat in memory of him.

When we rode into camp everybody had gone to bed, and as I observed the big cloud of mosquitos that was settling over the place I was not surprised. I had some difficulty in finding my bed, because in the night tarps are like cats, they all look alike. We got into the right one, however, after a little searching, and it was not much later than eleven o'clock when we went to sleep.

PAINT POTS IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

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XIII.

THE NOBLE RED MAN (?).

THE next day's travel was very much like the day before, only the sufferings with the heat did not seem to affect us quite so severely. The formation of the country was somewhat different now, it being more hilly than on the prairie. In our march we appeared to be climbing one of these elevations after another until at last we reached the plateau, and here we were on the same apparently interminable plain which we had traversed during the last three days.

In spite of our precautions in supplying ourselves with a large quantity of water when we departed from our camp in the morning, it was not long before the kegs and bottles were all empty, and the agonies of thirst began afresh. Towards noon we were told that we should find some water at a place close by, called "Goose's School House" after an Indian chief. We actually reached the school building about three o'clock in the afternoon, but the water was not to be found. You can imagine how this

disappointment affected us. Here we were, in the heart of the prairie, our faces blistered with the heat, our mouths parched with thirst, and no prospects in sight for any relief. We sent out a scouting party after water, and to our intense satisfaction these men returned after awhile from their search, reporting that a spring had been discovered some distance away in a "draw." After we had refreshed ourselves we felt much better, and as we were now approaching the surroundings of the Standing Rock Agency, it was determined to continue our march and make our next camp as near to the Agency as possible.

From the Goose School House our road led again down hill, and this made the walking much easier for the horses. Before long we passed several Indian habitations, a welcome sight to us, because it was a sure indication that the end of our journey was at hand.

About six o'clock in the evening we entered a long winding valley, where we saw a large number of the visiting Indians, who had evidently thrown up their tepees into a temporary kraal during their stay at the Agency.

At seven o'clock we went into camp near the Government Corral, five miles from Fort Yates. We were delighted to find some good water here, because we had traveled thirty miles that day, and all of us were more or less exhausted. But our troubles were not all over yet. There were millions of mosquitos around our camp, and although we should have been glad of getting some sleep after we had our supper, these insects were so bad that even our "tarps" did not afford us the usual protection.

During the night a regular hurricane of a wind-storm came up, and although it blew down the cook's tent, we did not mind that, because the wind also drove away the mosquitos.

Soon after sunrise the following morning our camp was awake. Not much time was spent over breakfast, because most of us were anxious to see the goings on among the Indians. We learned that the government officials were going to distribute one hundred head of cattle among the red men. These cattle were penned up in the corral near our camp, and true enough shortly after the Indian commission was seen to approach the corral. In a few minutes the cattle were brought forth and led to the slaughter-house. Curious to see all the proceedings,

most of the members in our outfit followed. At the slaughter-house a wonderful sight presented itself. We saw several hundred Indians of both sexes and all ages, as well as dogs and ponies. Their costumes were very conglomerate. Some of the men had crowns of feathers on their heads, and others were dressed in the garments of modern civilization.

The cattle were driven into the slaughter-house and then killed by Indian police. After this the beef was cut in small strips and distributed among the Indians. I noticed that the squaws had to do the work of carrying the rations to the tepees, while the bucks stood around talking and smoking.

We spent the whole day among them, taking photographs and purchasing some of their trinkets, of which they seemed to have an inexhaustive supply.

We also paid a visit to the grave of Sitting Bull, the great chief of the Sioux.

The garrison at Fort Yates consisted of one troop of cavalry, and while we were there we got somewhat acquainted with some of the soldier boys.

Our party stayed around the fort for several days, seeing whatever there was interesting in the neighborhood, and enjoying ourselves in many other ways.

At last the question of going home again came up, and as some of us had still a very vivid recollection of the trials and hardships they had to go through on the prairie, they did not display much enthusiasm for a return trip the same way. Four or five of the other boys and myself concluded to go back by rail, while the rest of our outfit took the Cannon Ball Trail through the prairie, which for the greater part followed the Cannon Ball River.

The return journey of the party which I joined had to travel by stage to Bismarck, a distance of seventy-five miles, and an exceedingly long trip it seemed to be. When we arrived at Bismarck in the evening it was with a great deal of rejoicing. We stopped at the Great Northern Hotel. It seemed a funny experience to sit down for dinner in the hotel dining room after we had "grubbed" for a whole week on the prairie, and the prospect of sleeping once more in a proper bed was so alluring that we sought rest very early.

The next day at eleven o'clock A. M. we departed for Medora on the train, and we reached there at four o'clock in the afternoon. In about two more hours we were back at Custer Trail Ranch, where we were welcomed by all with the characteristic

hospitality that was so customary among those Western people.

The party having taken the Cannon Ball route came in several days later than we did, but none the worse for the trip. Indeed, not one of the entire outfit felt any bad effects from our "jaunt" to Fort Yates, and we all agreed that the experiences we had were well worth the hardships we suffered.

ED. STALEY.

XIV.

INTO YELLOWSTONE PARK.

NO SOONER had we settled down again among the familiar scenes of the ranch when the roving spirit once more overcame us, and this time we decided to go into Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Howard Eaton promised to act as our guide this time, and once it was settled that we were to go, it did not take long to complete the preparations. As the Park Reservation does not begin until beyond Gardner, which is upwards of six hundred miles west of Medora, it was decided to go that far by rail. So we sent our horses ahead of us in charge of Bill Jones, our old cook, with injunctions to this worthy that he was to await our coming at Cinnabar Station. In the meantime we had telegraphed to Edward Staley, a well-known mountain guide from Henry's Lake, Idaho, to make all necessary arrangements for the mess-wagon and a cook.

Our party left Custer Trail Ranch early in August and took the train at Medora a day after we had sent Jones ahead with the horses.

GRAND CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

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When we arrived at Cinnabar we found everything awaiting us and all in ship-shape order. This was very satisfactory and put us in a good humor at the very start. There was Ed. Staley, Jim Lee, the cook, as well as the mess-wagon, and at last our old retainer Bill Jones. I asked the latter how he had been getting along while waiting for us, and he replied in his own inimitable way:

"Fine, sir; I was drunk twice and had one fight."

A camping trip through the Yellowstone is a pleasure jaunt from beginning to end. In this respect it differs considerably from a journey across the prairie. As is well known, the park reservation is under government supervision, and for the most part the going is very good. These trips have become very fashionable of late years, and during the season we were there we constantly met parties the same as ourselves, going from place to place, seeing the sights and camping out in the open air. At most of the attractive sights in the park large tents are erected, where the visitors are enabled to buy something to eat, and as for drinking water, we never had any lack of that during this trip.

We left Cinnabar in the afternoon. Everybody was in the best of spirits and looking forward with

the most pleasurable anticipation to the sight of the many marvels and wonders which nature has so lavishly spread out in this region. We rode along without any particular order, except that Mr. Eaton took the lead, the wagon following him, and the rest of us bringing up the rear any way we pleased.

By a peculiar coincidence we experienced another rainstorm not long after we started. This happened at Gardner, four miles beyond Cinnabar and just at the edge of the Park Reservation. This compelled us to stop here, but as the severity of the storm abated within an hour we continued our journey and went into camp for the night on Gardner river. As a result of the recent storm the river was running up to its banks, and the ground was soaking wet. This dampness, however, did not interfere with us, and we immediately began making preparations for the night. Soon our Chinese cook had a good supper ready for us, and I observed by the energetic manner in which all of us enjoyed our supper that the rain had not impaired our capacity to eat.

In laying out our "tarps" it was amusing how everybody was hunting for a dry spot to sleep, but as it was pretty wet all over, no one succeeded in getting any the best of his neighbor.

The night was beautiful. Millions and millions of stars studded the sky like myriads of twinkling diamonds. We slept well, and the whole camp was ready for breakfast the next morning as soon as the word was given.

We broke camp at seven o'clock and continued our trip along Gardner river, with high mountains on either side of us. On our left, near the beautiful stream, we passed a very high rock, cone-shaped, and called Eagle's Rock, on the top of which a family of eagles had made their home. When we rode by we noticed a young eaglet peeping over the side and looking down upon us with evident astonishment.

Not long after we came to the dividing line of Montana and Wyoming, and at an altitude of five thousand six hundred feet we saw the sign post which marked the border of these two states.

XV.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

IT WAS a magnificent morning, the air was dry and the weather delightful, and the scenery surrounding us was one kaleidoscopic picture of charm and beauty. Traveling under such conditions as I was then was indeed a rare pleasure, and I enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

Presently we arrived at Fort Yellowstone.

This fort is the military headquarters of the park, and a troop of cavalry is stationed there. It is one of the inflexible rules of the park regulations which requires all visitors to register their names at headquarters. If you carry firearms you are requested to surrender them, or else the officer in charge seals them, and as there are a number of military posts distributed throughout the park, it is necessary that you report at each one of these posts to show that the seal is still intact.

Fort Yellowstone is located near the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the famous hotel by that name is not far off. We stayed in this neighborhood for some time. We saw the old extinct geyser, called

Liberty Cap, and then wandered through the hotel, making some purchases at the store.

The Hot Spring of course was a very interesting sight to us. The water came rushing out hot and steaming, smelling very strongly of sulphur. It is not at all palatable, and almost too hot for bathing purposes, but it struck me as remarkable that the government has not established a bath-house here, because it would undoubtedly form a great attraction for almost every tourist.

Leaving this delightful region of the Mammoth Hot Springs we passed Mount Evarts and Bunson Peak, which are 8,600 feet high, and the fact that they were all covered with snow looked very singular to us in the middle of August. We now followed a winding road for several miles and then we found ourselves just within sight of the "Golden Gate."

The Golden Gate is a mountain gap composed of a formation of rock, which is of a pinkish color, and winding in and out among the crags and crevices are various mosses, vines, ferns and cypresses. The whole covers the pink of the rocks in such a manner that looking at it from a distance actually makes it appear like a golden gate. The gap is

so narrow and steep that the government has built a causeway through it for the accommodation of the tourists. On one side the rock rises up perpendicularly to a height of fifty feet, while its dimensions at the base are probably twenty feet square.

Going through the gate we found ourselves in an immense open country, rolling like a great meadow land. By this time evening was drawing near, and when we arrived at the "Dairy" we decided to camp there for the night.

From our camping place standing out against the sky we observed the snow-covered summit of Electric Peak, 12,000 feet high. It was probably a distance of twenty-five miles to this peak, but the atmosphere was so clear that to us it seemed like a short walk only.

At the Dairy we found a trout stream, and as we had several disciples of Izaak Walton among our party, they immediately proposed to go a-fishing. Rod, line and bait were soon produced, but whether it was that the trout would not bite or our fishermen were not experts, at all events they did not catch many fish. However, to do them justice, I must say that we all got a taste for supper.

Thus the first day of our trip in the Yellowstone

terminated, and I have never experienced a more delightful time than I did then. Our entire tour was replete with marvelous sights and interesting experiences of all descriptions.

We were awake the next morning before sunrise, and we had our breakfast almost immediately, so eager were we to be off again. It did not take us long to catch up our horses. The air was cool and bracing and it seemed to fill one with an anxiety to be up and about. In the meantime the sun had come out, and as we now looked once more at the snow-capped Electric Peak we thought it the most wonderful sight we had ever beheld.

During the morning we continued our route through the rolling country which we had entered at the Golden Gate. We passed Swan Lake, Beaver Lake and Twin Lakes. Then we came to the marvelous "Obsidian Cliff," a cliff of natural glass, which stands up perpendicularly before you, shining and sparkling in the sunlight like a crystal structure.

At the natural spring of Apollonaris water we stopped for a considerable time, and all of us took several draughts of this wonderful liquid. It was now nearly noon, and we continued our way until we arrived at the Norris Geyser Basin, where we took lunch.

XVI.

THE CHEERFUL "LARRY."

WHEN we came near the Norris Geyser Basin, and some of us noticed the large tent, as well as innumerable tables standing beneath it awaiting the coming guests, it was suggested that for the nonce we desert the culinary productions of our Chinese cook.

Most of the party had already heard of the fame of "Larry," one of the attaches of the Norris Geyser Basin Lunch Counter, who, by his volubility of praise upon the viands and delicacies which are provided here at so much per head, has gained quite a reputation among the tourists who frequent the Yellowstone Park. None of us, however, had ever been present at one of his performances, and we promised ourselves some amusement. In this we were not disappointed.

We were just comfortably sitting down, anxiously looking forward to the lunch which we had already ordered, when another party of guests arrived. While they were dismounting and others alighting

"Our Outfit" in the Yellowstone.

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from the stages that had brought them, we were suddenly startled by the following:

"Here comes a fine looking lady and gentleman. Bring them a fine bowl of soup, with plenty of roast beef and potatoes and lots of bread and butter."

The man's loud, shrill voice, his way of speaking, his gestures that accompanied all he said, and then the drollness of his manner, were enough to throw even the densest misanthrope into merriment. We laughed till our tears flowed, while Larry continued:

"This is the place where you must work your jaws as well as your tongues!" But our laughter must have attracted his notice, for he now turned around towards our table and shouted:

"Sure, now, you are getting all you want. Don't be in a hurry. Bring on some pie; we have apple, peach, mince and custard. Don't go away hungry. We have more in the kitchen."

In this way he kept on during the entire time we were there, greeting the newcomers and encouraging those who were already the guests of the restaurant. Our party enjoyed Larry's performance very much, and as the meal he had supplied us was also of an excellent quality, we got up in a very good humor.

When we were leaving, Larry came after us and

shook hands with every one in the party, wishing us all a pleasant journey.

The Norris Geyser Basin, we found, was located immediately behind the tent where we had our lunch. It seemed to me that what is now called a basin was at one time an immense meadow, probably a mile or two in length. To-day it is alive with hundreds of spouting geysers, some of them shooting voluminous streams of water to a height of fifty feet. While you looked across into that wilderness of geysers you would always find from ten to twenty in operation. The bottom of the basin is covered with a white crystaline formation, which glistens in the rays of the sun like diamonds. We lingered here for quite a while enjoying the wondrous spectacle, and then we walked over to the right on the side of the road to gaze upon "Old Growler," which constantly spouts up clouds of steam accompanied by a roar not unlike the noise that is made by a boiler when one of its plates is broken.

In the meantime our party got ready for the continuation of our trip, which presented to us new and wonderful sights at every step we took. Our route lay through Elk Park and towards evening we reached Gibbon river.

Here we decided to camp for the night, and this was very welcome news to our fishermen, who immediately got out their rod and tackle. Most of them had good luck, for they secured quite a nice mess of fish.

To amuse ourselves a few of us had gone on a tour of exploration before supper, when, to everybody's delight, we discovered an old shed which had been erected over a hot spring. The interior, we observed, had been crudely arranged as a bath-house. Such an invitation for a hot bath was an opportunity we did not want to let escape, and for the first time in our lives we took a bath in a natural spring of hot water.

One of the most interesting sights of that whole day was, however, yet in store for us. This was the sunset. The sun seemed to be resting upon the horizon like an immense ball of fire, from which appeared to be emanating great shafts of light of various colors and shades. We all stood and looked spellbound with wonderment and admiration. I thought then, and I think so yet, that while I have seen many wonders made by the hand of man's ingenuity, the achievements of the Creator are incomparably superior and more wonderful.

XVII.

THE PAINT POTS.

OUR departure was considerably delayed the following morning by the falling of a heavy rain. Indeed, the rain made it impossible for us to have our breakfast "al fresco," as had been the custom with us. Instead we had to crawl into the cook's tent, where, on account of the crowded condition, we had breakfast under some difficulties; but the latter were amply compensated for by the amusing pranks and larks the boys were able to indulge in.

About nine o'clock the rain ceased. Then our belongings were packed with the utmost expedition, and by ten o'clock, after our horses had been caught up, we were in marching order. Our route lay through the Gibbon river valley, and soon we passed the Gibbon Falls, which are two hundred feet high. At this point we found the road along the river very narrow and we had to go in single file in passing tourists coming from the opposite direction. Later on we reached the spring of natural soda water. Of course we all had a taste of this beverage, and some of us remarked, if we had the necessary acquisitions to brew a "Don't Care," a "Vanilla," or some

other favorite drug-store concoction, we might imagine ourselves at home.

Our destination for that day was to be the vicinity of the Fountain Hotel, and our way led us presently to the Fire Hole river, where we arrived at noon. We rested here for a short time in the reflections of this beautiful stream, which is clear as crystal and cold as ice. It was a charmingly picturesque spot. On each side of us the high mountains of that peculiar pink color which prevail throughout the park rose up like giant walls, covered with a wealth of flowers, ferns and mosses, that made the scene wildly enchanting.

In maintaining our direction towards the Fountain Hotel we continued along the Fire Hole river until five o'clock in the afternoon, when we entered the Lower Geyser Basin, some two miles from the hotel and within sight of the soldier post. At the latter we all registered. We had been induced to make our camp here on account of the attractive surroundings, which consisted of a large, magnificent meadow, on which was spread out, as far as the eye could reach, a richly colored floral carpet. Here we laid out our "tarps," and although we did not sleep that night on the proverbial "bed of roses," we certainly

rested on a bed of flowers, which was in so far an advantage that there were no thorns in it.

Near the soldiers' camp was a natural hot water spring, and Uncle Sam's boys, with an eye to "creature comforts," had erected a bath-house adjacent to this spring, where we again had an opportunity to enjoy the luxury of a bath. The water of this spring was so hot, however, that we had to add some cold before we were able to get into it.

We were so much in love with the location of our camp, and in view of the fact that in the neighborhood were so many wonderful sights worth visiting, we decided to remain here for several days, making short excursions into the surrounding district.

The next morning when we woke up we were greeted by a wonderfully clear sky, and all indications promised a very pleasant day. We started at about ten o'clock for a ramble on horseback, leaving the camp in charge of the cook.

Nearly all of this day we spent examining and gazing at the many wonderful geysers with spouting springs which were to be found here in all directions.

But one of the most interesting spectacles we saw was that peculiar, natural phenomenon called the Paint Pots. They covered a space of possibly one

hundred and fifty square feet. These paint pots are formed of a mass very much like what we know as potter's clay, but it has a tinge of pink through it. In some places the clay is hot and steaming, throwing up large bubbles like soap bubbles, which, however, are of the consistency of white paint. These bubbles burst with a loud "pop." The whole surface of the paint pot area shakes and quivers, as if the entire mass were composed of gelatine. A very strong odor of sulphur pervades the surrounding atmosphere, and the amount of heat which is also thrown out by these paint pots makes it quite warm around here.

Towards evening we went to the Fountain Hotel for supper, and afterwards we had an opportunity of seeing the Yellowstone Park bears, of whom everyone has heard, coming back to the hotel for their supper. In the meantime the sun had set, for which we were very sorry, because we would very much have liked to take some snapshots of these bears with our cameras.

This had been a busy day for us, and although we had not been away from the camp for any considerable distance, we had nevertheless covered a great deal of territory and we had seen some wonderful sights.

XVIII.

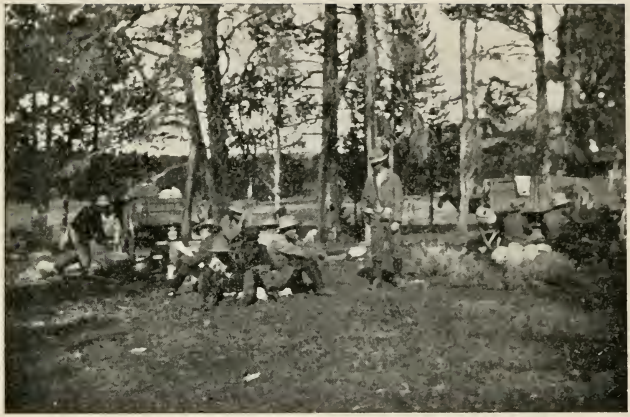
"OLD FAITHFUL."

WHEN we awoke the next morning we found frost all about our camp, but by nine o'clock it had disappeared, and we had every promise for another glorious day.

Our program for that day was an expedition into the "Upper Geyser Basin," where we hoped to go into camp that night. Thus we were not going to cover a greater distance than five miles, but we knew there would be enough to interest us along the road to make the time pass quickly. The traveling was not very good here, either, on account of the dusty condition of the road, as well as the hot August sun.

All along our route we passed one geyser after another, some of more importance than others. There was the "Castle" and the "Giant," neither of which we found in operation.

But when we got to "Old Faithful" we were just in time to see it spout. This geyser, as is well known, goes into operation every hour, and it is in this respect as reliable as a Waterbury watch. Old Faithful is one of the grandest sights in the whole of Yellowstone Park, and it is safe to say that no



Camp in the Yellowstone.

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tourist ever went through the reservation without paying a visit to this famous geyser.

This geyser, perhaps the most celebrated of them all, has a crater, which is formed like an immense chimney, some twenty feet high, and having a diameter of probably fifteen feet. When it is not in operation one may go close enough to look into this crater, and there you can see the hot water boiling and swirling at the bottom.

The operation of Old Faithful is at its height every hour, when the boiling, seething mass of water is forced up into the air for a distance of one hundred feet. This lasts perhaps for several minutes, and then it begins slowly to recede. Gradually the column of water becomes smaller until it eventually disappears altogether within the brink of the crater. But lower and lower it sinks even then, and when it reaches the very bottom its operation seems to have ceased. This might be called its suspended agitation, which goes on for the duration of a very few minutes, after which it begins slowly to rise again until its operation once more culminates in the column of water one hundred feet high. So it goes all the time, day and night, as promptly and regularly as if its operation were controlled by some invisible force or some marvelously mysterious

machinery. Our entire party stood and wondered at the peculiar spectacle, and so fascinating was it that some of us had difficulty to tear themselves away.

We had lunch at the neighboring counter of the restaurant, and then continued our observation of the countless wonders which lavish nature seems to have thrown about here in a truly prodigal fashion.

The whole valley appears to be dotted with a network of geysers and springs of all sizes, and the whole basin is covered with a formation somewhat similar to salt, the residuum from the spouting craters. Hundreds of tourists are to be seen here during the season all day long, and judging by the multitude around you, it is not difficult to imagine one's self at a circus or a country fair.

The following morning our camp was again covered with frost, which, however, soon disappeared before the rays of the rising sun, and then we went forth once more among the regions of the "Upper Geyser Basin."

During this day we visited the "Lone Star Geyser," "Keplar Falls" and the "Black Sand Basin," greatly enjoying all the wonderful sights that were to be seen, but as they do not differ from what I have already described, I shall not weary you with any repetition.

XIX.

AT YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

THE next morning we broke camp very early, knowing that we had a long distance ahead of us before we should take another rest.

On our route we passed several of the geysers we had seen the day before, and we also had another glimpse of Old Faithful, which was spouting at its very height, and some of us remarked that the geyser was putting on these particular airs as a token of farewell by which we might always remember it.

We now traveled along Spring Creek, and we came into one of the most beautiful canons I have ever seen, the ground as well as the mountainous walls being bedecked with a great profusion of wild flowers, mosses and ferns. The water of the creek was cool and clear, and tumbled and slashed along between its banks in the most riotous fashion.

Soon our journey led us through a long, winding, narrow road, and all the time we were going up hill until about noon, when we reached the "Continental Divide," which is marked by a sign post, one side pointing to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific

Ocean. At one side of the post is a small pond, the surface of which is covered with water lilies and other water plants; and so nicely balanced is this small body of water that a fairly strong breeze either from the West or the East will cause it to flow in whichever direction the wind blows. The Continental Divide is located at an altitude of 8,240 feet, and some of us, especially your humble servant, were affected by the lightness of the atmosphere.

Continuing on our way we rode down hill, and the air was so clear that at a turning in the road we were able to look over an immense range of country; indeed, some of us pointed out the "The Tetons," a range of the Rocky Mountains, about seventy-five miles in the distance and rising to a height of 12,000 feet. The panorama which spread out before us at this point was very impressive. Besides The Tetons, covered with ice and snow and glistening in the sun like sparkling diamonds, we also caught a glimpse of the "Shoshone Lakes," which are situated in the Yellowstone Park, but they are not accessible.

Yellowstone Lake was reached at about five o'clock in the evening, and as the place here looked rather inviting, we decided to go into camp for the

night. Not very far from where we stopped we discovered two springs that formed an interesting phenomenon. One of the springs threw out water just warm enough to make it convenient for us to do our dish washing, while the water in the other spring was so hot that eggs could be boiled in it within ten minutes. This, with the beautiful, clear, soft water of the lake, made a peculiar combination.

Yellowstone Lake is about fifteen miles long and is surrounded by a mountainous country.

Looking across from our camp we saw Mt. Sheridan, which is said to be an extinct volcano.

We left this camp the next morning to journey around the lake, when we discovered that three of our horses had strayed away, so we had to dispatch a detail of men on the hunt for them.

Our road along the lake took us through dense woods, in which we saw several deer and elk, while on the lake we observed innumerable ducks, swans and geese. In the evening we arrived near the Lake Hotel, and here we determined to stop for several days, because we promised ourselves much fun and entertainment with fishing and excursions into the neighborhood of the lake region.

XX.

A REAL HERO.

IN LOOKING back over our trip through the Yellowstone, where we saw so many wonderful sights and where I had so many pleasant experiences, the memories that seem to linger with me longer than all others are those of the hours we spent of an evening around the camp fire. In very truth let me assure you, my dear friends, there is nothing more delightful to me than living in a camp with a party of jovial and congenial companions; and if any one of you should ever contemplate a trip through the Western countries, join some outfit like ours and make the journey that way. True enough, you will have to undergo some hardships, suffer inconveniences, but the advantages of that mode of traveling are so manifold there really is no comparison.

Danger? Why, there is none worth speaking of. The Indian is docile, and the wild element, which at one time terrorized the traveler through the West, scarcely exists any longer.

Well, as I was saying, the evening around the camp fire was a pleasure we all looked forward to day by day, and it was a great disappointment to us when it rained and we had to crawl beneath our

SERGEANT NORLIN.

"tarps" without indulging in a review of our day's experiences and listen to the stories which were usually contributed by some to the amusement of the others.

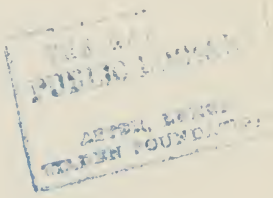
One of the most delightful evenings around the camp fire we had on that night at Yellowstone Lake. On this occasion we had some visitors from among the soldiers who were stationed at the post nearby. We had also some musical instruments amongst us, and the evening passed away very pleasantly with smoking, singing, talking over the events of the day and listening to the musical entertainment provided for us.

Among these soldiers was Sergeant Edward Norlin, who was in charge of the post. This man Norlin impressed me very much, because he looked to me the real soldier; one who said very little, but who had it written upon his very face that when it came to action he would be right at home.

How true this first impression was which I had formed of Ed. Norlin I had occasion to find out the next day.

I happened to be a visitor at the post, when I noticed a photograph hanging upon the wall, representing a number of soldiers, and underneath I read this inscription: "The Carlin Relief Expedition."

Ed. Staley's Ranch, Henry's Lake, Idaho.



Turning towards one of the soldiers standing beside me, I asked him what the photograph meant. Said he: "I don't know much about it, but Ed."—meaning Sergeant Norlin—"was one of the party; ask him."

For some reason the picture had interested me, and I hunted up the sergeant to give me its history. But Norlin merely shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Oh, that was nothing."

This very hesitation on his part, however, made me more curious than ever, and by dint of a little persuasion he said at last: "Well, it was this way." And then he told me the following story, which I shall try to narrate in his own simple manner:

"About four or five years ago when I was stationed up North, a hunting party under the leadership of a man named Carlin passed our post. This party was bound for the Bitter Root Region at the extreme headwaters of the Clearwater river in Idaho. It was already late in the season when they came, and they had not left us many weeks when winter set in with all the fury of such a winter as can be experienced only in that part of this country.

"Of course, we men at the post soon began to talk about the long stay they were making, and after awhile we hoped and looked for them every

day to return. But we hoped in vain, and then we knew that unless they were rescued pretty quickly every one of these men—and there were six of them—must perish.

"Still no sign of them, and then it was that our lieutenant suggested that some one ought to go to their relief. But who should go? It was as much as anybody's life was worth to brave the elements of that region in the middle of winter; in fact, there was not one who did not know that it almost meant certain death.

"However, when the lieutenant asked for volunteers, seven of us jumped to our feet, and we all said that we were ready to follow him wherever he would ask us to go.

" 'Now mind me,' said the lieutenant, 'whoever goes on this journey must be ready and willing to do everything I ask him without asking any questions and without any murmur. Upon absolute discipline alone will depend our success.'

"Of course we all knew that as well as he could tell us, and so we merely bowed our heads and smiled. Well, the next day we got ready, bundled our 'chuck' together, took our guns, horses and ammunition and then departed.

"We had calculated that the hunters would come

back by the Clearwater river, and towards that stream we directed our course. We got that far with our horses, although, owing to the lateness of the season, not without much difficulty and trouble. But when we got to the Clearwater we could take our horses no further; in fact, the dangerous part of the trip was only just about to begin. Our commander, who realized this, then said to us: 'Now, men, is your time to speak, if anyone wants to go back. You know what is ahead of you.' But none of us faltered, and we all went on.

"With considerable difficulty, literally groping our path over snow and ice in the bitter cold, we at last reached the edge of the river. But naturally we could not travel along the banks of the stream, because to attempt it was impossible. So we constructed a raft, upon which we put our effects, and then jumping into the ice cold river, we pulled up stream. Oh, but how cold that water was! Ice and snow all around us and the thermometer always below zero. But we got there. Sometimes in the evening when we rested, after having pulled the raft all day, our clothes would be like one mass of ice, and it took quite a while to dry them even after they were thawed out. Well, I do not remember how many days we were going up the river, anyhow

we met the Carlin party coming down. The condition they were in I cannot describe. Their clothes, what few they had left, hung around them in rags. They had been feeding on a dog for the last two days; indeed, they were almost at death's door. Their cook they had been obliged to abandon thirty-five miles higher up the river, and his corpse, frozen stiff, was found next spring. It was the happiest moment of my life when we found them, and we came up just in time to save them."

Here Norlin stopped and he did not seem to care going on with his story. So I said: "Well, and what did you do then, Ed.?"

"Oh, we brought them out," and that was all I could get him to say. But I learned afterwards that everyone of these brave volunteers who went on that expedition was on the "convalescent list" for months after. The brave lieutenant had to resign from the service, because after those hardships his physical condition incapacitated him forever from the life of a soldier.

And these men did all that without any thought for compensation or hope for any reward; simply because they believed it was their duty.

After all, this world cannot be such a bad place when we consider that such men as the members of The Carlin Relief Expedition lived in it.

XXI.

THE GRAND CANON AND FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE time we spent around Yellowstone Lake was full of interesting sightseeing incidents, and we were all sorry when we went away. But there was still so much in store for us in this wonderful region in the way of fresh marvels that it would never have done to spend too long in one place, and hence we had to wish good-bye to Yellowstone Lake, as well as the genial soldier boys at the "Post," who had done so much to make our stay pleasant for us.

At the lake the weather was quite cold in the mornings and evenings, and when we got up we usually had to brush the frost off our tarps before we put them away.

From the Yellowstone Lake we continued our journey along the left bank of the Yellowstone river, which is the outlet of the lake. Its water is very clear, and until it reaches the "Upper Falls" it is composed of a regular succession of cascades, falls and riffles, over which the water rushes, rumbles and tumbles with a great noise. Presently we turned away from the course of the river to go

through "Hayden Valley," and at three o'clock in the afternoon, having reached the Upper Falls, we went into camp some distance above. Here we had a slight fall of snow in the evening. In the month of August this was a remarkable experience, we thought.

I almost forgot to mention that on our road to the Upper Falls we passed the "Mud Geyser," which is a very interesting spectacle. This geyser forms an immense hole in the side of a hill, the diameter at the opening measuring probably sixty feet. It runs back into the hill in an oblique direction and in the shape of a funnel, the bottom having a diameter of not more than twenty-five feet. The entire funnel is constantly filled with steam, which smells very strongly of sulphur. The discharge of the Mud Geyser, as you will have guessed perhaps, is very muddy, dirty water, and it comes out in a large stream, like three or four Pittsburg fire plugs turned into one. While I was wondering at the amount of mud that came out of the side of this hill, I looked around to see how it was carried away, but I failed to discover even a sign of a channel for this purpose. Expressing my surprise at this extraordinary phenomenon to one of our guides, he said that it was carried off by a subterranean outlet.

We had now been in the Park about ten days, and we had seen some of the most marvelous sights that have been produced by nature in this world, and when we were told now that what we had seen so far was no comparison with the wonderful sight of to-morrow, we shook our heads somewhat incredulously, thinking that our guides were merely exaggerating as a matter of business. What they told us we would see was the Grand Canon and Falls of the Yellowstone, which is said to be the climax, the "piece de resistance" of everything that is interesting and worth seeing in that whole region.

This announcement naturally threw us all into some excitement, and in the evening around the camp fire we asked some of them who had already been there to give us some description of the place. But they all declined to do this.

"You will have to see the Grand Falls and Canon yourself to appreciate and realize its grandeur and its beauty," they said; and we had to be satisfied. It had been arranged to leave camp at four o'clock in the morning, and of course we were astir long before that time.

We rode along in a column two abreast, and in the many varieties of our traveling costumes we presented quite a picturesque calvacade. On our

way we heard the noise from the waters of the Upper Falls, but we could not see them. So we dismounted and climbed down a narrow path, which ended at a board walk, and this led us on to a very large rock, where we had a very fine view of the falls. Retracing our steps to the road, we remounted and then continued on our journey. Our route wound around and around along the left bank of the river, and in some places it ran quite close to the edge of the precipice, which leads down to the water's bed. There is a narrow path leading down to the brink, but we concluded to take the route passing "Inspiration Point."

When we arrived there we instinctively halted, and as we looked around a panorama opened up before our eyes that left us literally speechless with admiration.

"Inspiration Point," on which we stood, forms a plateau 1,400 feet above the Yellowstone river, and from there the traveler has one of the best views of the canon. You can see up and down the river for miles.

I should very much like to give you a description of the marvelous view that is here spread out before the observer, but such a feat is far beyond me. It would require the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson or

PRINCESS OF THE PIUTES.

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the descriptive genius of Rider Haggard to do justice to the grandeur of the Great Falls Canon.

I trust, therefore, that you will take the will for the deed if I give you a feint sketch of the matchless scene which was then before me.

If you were to look upon this panorama spread upon a canvas you would see in the far distance the Great Falls, over which the crystal waters of the Yellowstone rush like a silvery stream down into a a chasm 365 feet deep. And as that stream strikes the bottom the waters rebound in monstrous clouds of mist and spray, reflecting the rays of the morning sun in myriads of rainbows. But soon the waters flow on, and now the river takes the form of a silver thread, which winds itself in graceful curves through the walls of the canon.

Like most of the stone formation of the Yellowstone Park, the walls of the canon are composed of a soft, chalky substance, containing a certain amount of iron, which lends to the rocks the color of a mellow, golden hue. Between these yellow walls you see the flowing river.

But to relieve this golden glare with a tint of green the sides of the canon present a thick growth of cypress trees, while over and around the tops of many pillars and pinnacles, which seem to have

grown out of the mother rock, you see scores of eagles gracefully flying about.

Towards the top of the cannon its walls appear to be hewn out of rough, cyclopean rocks, but further down the stone has crumbled, and in many places it rolls to the water's edge soft and smooth, like the ocean's sandy beach.

As we stood there on that August morning and contemplated the magnificent spectacle before us, we were struck with awe and wonderment at the majesty of nature's handiwork.

The immensity of this picture, the marvelous coloring, the roar of the falls and the rushing of the river filled us with rapture, and not a word was spoken above a whisper.

That sight left a deep impression with all of us, and for days it formed the chief theme of our camp fire conversation.

How long we stayed on Inspiration Point I do not now remember, but I recall very distinctly the fact that when we left there on our way to the Canon Hotel we caught ourselves several times involuntarily looking back to catch once more one last glimpse of that wonderful place.

XXII.

TO HENRY'S LAKE.

OUR mail had been sent to us addressed to the Canon Hotel, and this was our purpose for going there. When we arrived in the rotunda of this popular resort we were greatly surprised to find so many visitors there and among them several acquaintances.

As we had arranged to leave this region the next day, it had been decided to have some kind of reception that evening at the camp for the purpose of giving some of our friends a farewell entertainment.

In the early part of the evening it rained and this forced us to hold the affair in the cook's tent, and in spite of the cramped quarters for such a large crowd we managed to have a delightful time. Our soldier friend, Ed. Norlin, made one of the party, and when later in the night even he became somewhat affected by the general enthusiasm of our guests, he began te tell us stories of his experience as a soldier in the West, which all of us greatly enjoyed.

The following morning we broke camp. Our plan now was for the party to return home to Custer Trail Ranch, except "Bert," "Jack" and myself

and two or three others, who had made up our minds to go for a week or so up to Henry's Lake on a hunting expedition. Well, after breakfast, while the wagons were being packed, some one proposed that we all go and have one more glimpse at the Great Falls Canon, and to give you an idea of the wonderful impression that grand sight had made upon us it is only necessary to say we all fell in with this suggestion with the utmost enthusiasm.

It was arranged that the wagons be sent on the route and that we would catch up with them later on. Then we started off, but we did not take the same road this time, and so we landed at the top of the falls, where we sat down, reveling in the magnificent view of the canon. Leaving this gorgeous scene for the last time, we followed our outfit, which we overtook at the Norris Geyser Basin. It was noon and we had our lunch, after which we had a photograph taken of the entire party.

It was also at this place that Bert, Jack and myself and the others said good-bye to the rest, and while they went to the right, we turned to the left towards Henry's Lake, Idaho.

Our immediate destination was the ranch of Edward Staley, who had acted as our guide through the

Yellowstone. We were accompanied by Billy Ferguson, a Piute Indian, who was to act as our horse wrangler, cook and general utility man on our sixty mile ride to the West. We were well mounted, while Ferguson acted as the driver of our wagon.

Towards six o'clock that evening we arrived at the Gibbon river, and we decided to go into camp for the night.

At nine the next morning we continued our journey along the Riverside Road, stopping for a short while at the soldiers' post, where Sergeant Morgan entertained us with the customary military hospitality.

About noon we arrived at Dwelley's Log House, which is the only public house in this section of the country and quite a landmark. Dwelley, the proprietor, is a characteristic old hunter of former days, and the interior of his house is decorated with the trophies of his hunts.

Leaving Dwelley's at two o'clock, after a good dinner, a rest and a cigar, our road now lay through an immense forest. I observed here that the trees were "blazed" very high, usually ten feet from the ground, and when I inquired of Billy Ferguson for the reason of this he remarked that in the winter

the snow is very deep in that region, and unless the "blazes" were made a fairly good distance from the ground the snow would cover them.

We traveled through this wood the greater part of the afternoon, arriving at the eastern shore of Henry's Lake about four o'clock. The lake is five miles long, and as Staley's ranch is located on the extreme western shore, we determined to push on to the ranch as fast as we could. We enjoyed a very fine view along the lake of The Tetons, which we could see in the far-off horizon and looking like enormous white pillars against the sky.

We reached our destination some time before supper, and Mrs. Smith, who is the foster mother of Ed. Staley, made us very welcome. Our horses were put away, while we had a "Shack" placed at our disposal, and in less than half an hour we had made ourselves at home.

When I said just now that we were welcomed by Mrs. Smith you never dreamed that a lady with such a name could be an Indian Princess, but such is the case. Mrs. Smith is a full-blooded Piute Indian, who many years ago married a white man with that common cognomen. As the two had no children of their own, they adopted Ed. Staley, and the latter owns the ranch. Mrs. Smith became the princess of

her tribe some time ago upon the death of her cousin, Winnemucka, and she was properly elected to that exalted office by the members of her tribe.

Withal Mrs. Smith is a very good cook and housekeeper, and I have the liveliest remembrance of the kind and hospitable manner in which she took care of us.

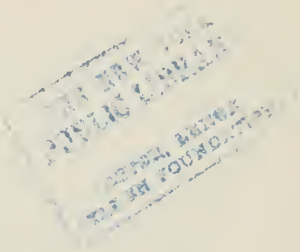
The ranch we found located in a very fine country. It consisted of a substantial log house, several shacks, barns, as well as good stabling.

Henry's Lake is situated in the northeastern part of Idaho, in Lake county. It is a great resort for ducks, geese and swans, and it is alive with fish, such as salmon and rainbow trout. Right back of the ranch the mountains rise up to an immense height, and in these mountains are found any amount of bear, elk, deer and mountain sheep, as well as mountain and blue grouse. Indeed, the place is one of the most ideal hunting grounds even the most ardent son of Nimrod could wish for.

You can readily imagine that we managed to have a very delightful time here. Boating, hunting and fishing, however, were our chief amusements; but I must tell you of the way we went "gigging" fish at night.

"Gigging" fish means catching fish with a gig, which is an instrument something like a pitch-fork. Well, we would go out of an evening in a boat, a large iron cradle filled with pine being fastened in the bow of the boat. This wood was set afire, and then the boat was poled slowly over the water. As the light of the burning pines would throw a big glare over the lake we would watch for the fish with gig in hand, and every time we would see one lying on the water down went our gig, and the fish was gigged, or perhaps—and this happened quite often—we missed it altogether, and that was so much the better for the fish. This was a great pastime, and we enjoyed it very much.

Our Outfit Leaving Staley's Ranch with Pack Train.



XXIII.

SHEEP HUNTING.

THE various outdoor amusements we were able to indulge in at Henry's Lake made the days pass very agreeably, and we never found ourselves at a loss of having something to do. But in the meantime Ed. Staley, who had accompanied the rest of the Custer Trail Ranch party as far as Cinnabar, returned home, and it was now proposed to make a hunting trip into the Sheep Mountains. This mountain range in Idaho rises to an elevation of over 10,000 feet, is a great resort for many wild beasts, such as bear, elk, deer and grouse, as well as mountain sheep. The scenery is very picturesque and romantic. The pleasures of the trip were described to us in such attractive colors that we did not hesitate for a moment to accept this opportunity.

We expected to be away about ten days, and hence it was necessary to take a train of pack horses with us to carry our beds and provisions. Wagons, of course, could not be used on such a journey, because with them we could not climb the mountains.

It was early in the morning when we left the ranch and started for the mountains. Our outfit consisted of five pack horses, each carrying three

hundred pounds of freight. Ed. Staley rode ahead and we brought up the rear. Our road brought us once more to the Continental Divide at a point, where on one side were the waters of Henry's Lake, the Snake river and the Columbia river flowed westward towards the Pacific Ocean, while on the East we saw the Madison river wind its way into the Missouri until it eventually reached the Atlantic Ocean.

We rode along all day up to six o'clock in the evening, when we camped on Beaver Creek, which is a beautiful, clear mountain stream. We had already reached an altitude of 7,500 feet and it was getting cold. Just as we arrived at our camping place we noticed two coyotes, one of which we killed. The creek contained a number of graylings, and it did not take us long to catch a nice mess of these delicious fish.

The real ascent of the mountains did not begin until the next day, when we left our camp at noon. We had not seen a house nor any other sign of human habitation since the morning of the previous day, and the further we climbed up this mountain the further we left the world and civilization behind us. But if you want to hunt mountain sheep you must go where the sheep are, and so we trotted

bravely, hopefully and joyfully along. Our route followed a mountain trail along the banks of the Beaver Creek, the waters of which rippled down its mountain bed some 200 feet below us. The trail was very narrow, and we had to travel single file. To anyone who is not accustomed to that mode of riding it looked very dangerous, because if your horse or pony made one misstep the chances were very much in favor of your rolling down the declivity, which meant almost certain death. But no accident happened to any of us, and we arrived in the evening at the extreme headwaters of the Beaver Creek, where we went into camp.

During our ride that day we had climbed 2,000 feet, and all of us felt the effects of the change in the atmosphere. We had passed above the timber line and through an immense snow drift, and although this was the month of August, we were in a regular wintry landscape. Large banks of snow and ice surrounded us, and the wind whistled sharp and cutting over our camp. Soon, however, we had a big, roaring fire going, our horses were unpacked and then supper was under way, all of which quickly transported us into a very comfortable, happy mood.

At nine the next morning we were all ready for the continuation of our march. The peak of the

mountain, which we had to ascend to get to the place where the sheep were to be found, loomed straight above us. It meant a climb of a half mile direct up. Presently the road became so narrow and steep that we had to get off our horses. But at last we doubled the summit and then we descended into a wide valley. On the right of us we observed an immense mountain peak 11,500 feet high and all covered with snow. At the time we saw it a terrific snow storm was raging about the crown of the peak, and we were glad that we were not in it. The valley which we entered presented a beautiful piece of natural scenery at our feet. It was covered with a number of small lakes, the waters of which were as clear as crystal and smooth as a mirror, reflecting the surrounding landscape as in a looking glass. We had to traverse this valley to get to the place where the sheep were supposed to be. We camped here while the hunters went after the quarry, and much to my surprise they returned about five o'clock with a very beautiful buck. The next day another region of this country was hunted over, but the sheep must have known we were coming, because wherever we went the sheep seemed to have disappeared. By this time the high altitude had made me very uncomfortable. My head ached and throbbed con-

stantly, so that sleep for me was out of the question, and when the boys announced that evening that they had had enough of sheep hunting and were ready to return home the next morning, I was glad to hear it.

About noon the following day we had our pack train shaped up and now began our journey down the mountain. To give you an idea of the speed we displayed on our return trip I need only tell you that we covered sixty miles that day, going into camp at seven o'clock that evening on the south bank of the Madison river. We were all very tired and hungry, as during the entire march we had only stopped long enough to water our horses when they needed it.

We had left the winter scenes of the mountains long behind us, and our camp was quite comfortable. I remember distinctly that the fried bacon that evening had a relish and a taste delicious beyond compare.

We liked this camping place, so we stayed all the next day, enjoying ourselves hunting and fishing.

I discovered the cabin of a trapper near our camp, and I paid him a visit. This trapper was just getting ready establishing himself for the winter. His shack was very comfortable. It had a good stove

and an excellent bunk. His stock of provisions was also quite ample, so he said. He was now getting his traps in shape for the "varmints," as he called them.

I have often since wondered how this man could find any attraction in a life such as he leads. Here he lived in a perfect wilderness, fifteen miles away from his nearest neighbor. Soon he expected to be snowed in by a depth of probably fifteen feet. And yet the old man seemed to be very happy and contented. He had a violin which he played, but the tunes that he knew seemed to be all of a doleful, plaintive melody, and they always filled me with a touch of sadness.

The next day we left for Henry's Lake, and when we got into our beds once more at the shack that night we slept better than we had done for a long time.

There was a game park near the ranch called Rocks Game Park, which I visited and where I saw a large number of buffalo, elk, deer and mountain sheep. These animals had been captured at different times in the immediate neighborhood. The herd of buffalo is said to be one of the few in this country.

THE OLD TRAPPER.

XXIV.

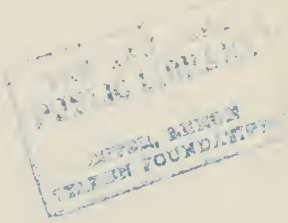
TRAVELING ALL ALONE.

IT WAS now two months since Bert, Jack and I had left home, and during that period we had been together nearly all the time, on the train, in the shack, on the prairie, in the Yellowstone and at last up on the Sheep Mountains. The result was that we had formed an attachment for each other which can only be appreciated by those who have had a similar experience to ours.

However, we were now going to separate, owing to the fact that I had to leave them and go on a journey to the Pacific Coast. I am merely stating the truth, therefore, when I say that I looked forward to this journey without any extra amount of enthusiasm. And that my premonitions were borne out by the subsequent facts I learned before very long.

Traveling in itself is supposed to be by many people a great enjoyment, but traveling alone after you have been journeying several thousand miles in the companionship of a congenial party is very disappointing. You do not take the same interest in

Stage Coach From Lewiston to Grangeville.



the sights, and whatever you see appeals to you quite differently and things appear to you in a much different light.

With these feelings on my mind you will readily understand that when I said "Good-bye" to them this ceremony was more to me than the mere discharge of a formal custom.

The stage was waiting for me on the morning of the first of September in front of the ranch, and waving my last farewell, I was off.

The stage took me to Monida, a little town on the dividing line of Idaho and Montana, where I arrived in the evening, immediately getting into the train on my way to Butte, Montana.

Butte, as everybody knows, is a great mining centre, and I found a very hustling city. After the train pulled into the station the next morning and I had got off I made a bee line for the Hotel Butte. Here I got shaved, took a bath, put on a white shirt; in fact, I adopted once more the costume of modern civilization, and when I looked in the glass I scarcely knew myself.

Butte has many fine stores, an abundance of wide open gambling saloons, and withal a very prosperous appearance.

There are a great many smelters in the town, and the fumes thereof make it difficult for any vegetation to thrive here, and hence I saw neither flowers nor trees anywhere.

The following morning I left Butte for Spokane, Washington. On the train I met some friends bound for the same destination, and this made the ride very enjoyable. At Hope Station we had to turn our watches back one hour on account of the fact that from that place West everything goes by Pacific time.

It was late at night when I arrived at Spokane, and tired as I was I hurried off to bed. But the following morning I had an opportunity of taking a look at the city, and I was very much impressed with the many fine business buildings as well as handsome residences I observed. Everybody in Spokane, at least so it seemed to me, made his living by mining, because it was the only subject discussed while I was there. The papers contained no information except stories about mining, and the advertisements they contained were about mining stocks and bonds from one cent per share up to any amount. Wherever I went I heard them talking about shafts, drifts, assays, planes, smelters, quartz, etc., and in the hotel there was on exhibition a check

for one million dollars, which had been given in payment for a mine in this section.

From Spokane I was bound for Florence, Idaho, and on this journey I traveled through the wonderful Palouse Valley as far as Lewiston. The Palouse Valley is justly celebrated as a great wheat growing country, and as it was just about harvest time when I passed through there, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the immense fields where hundreds of men and horses were occupied with all manner of steam harvesting appliances. I was told that the crop that season would average forty bushels to the acre.

At Lewiston I stopped over night at the Raymond Hotel, and upon inquiry I found that to get to Florence I should have to go to Grangeville, seventy-five miles by stage, and from there in a private conveyance for fifty miles to Florence.

Lewiston is situated at the junction of the Snake and the Clear Water rivers. There had been a new mining camp opened up at Buffalo Hump, a short distance from Lewiston, and the excitement in the old town was great on this account. The place did not have sufficient hotels and lodging houses to accommodate all the strangers, and throughout the

streets tents were put up, where miners, prospectors, movers and campers were domiciled.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the stage arrived to take me to Grangeville. The weather was cold and I put on my rubber coat, a sweater, as well as a pair of leggings. The candles were still burning in the old-fashioned stage lamps when we started on this journey, and the day did not dawn until some time after we had left the town.

"All set!" yelled the driver, then he cracked his whip and the six horses in front of the lumbering stage coach were off.

For twenty miles the road seemed to go all the way uphill, and our horses never went faster than a walk. At last, when we got on the other side of the hill, the mud from the recent rains made the progress equally difficult. I had several fellow-sufferers in the stage with me, and I feel sure none of us will forget that ride while we live.

Our route lay over the battle ground of 1877 between the Nez Perce Indians under Chief Joseph and the United States troops under General Howard. Near the little town of Cottonwood we saw the grave of Captain Foster, who, with eleven of his men, was killed here at the beginning of the revolt of the Indians. We also passed through the Camas Prairie,

which is said to have been the old hunting ground of the Nez Perce Indians.

When we got to Grangeville at six o'clock we were hungry, tired and completely fagged out.

The proprietor of the hotel was one of the old-fashioned fellows who looked after the wants and comforts of his guests personally.

The hotel was being improved with new plate glass windows, which I discovered were of Pittsburg manufacture.

Another innovation was an acetyline gas apparatus, the product of which shed its mellow light all over the lower floor of the hotel, but per contrast I went to bed lighting my way with an old-fashioned tallow candle-stick, and I wondered at the odd coincidence that I should have had to come to a place like Grangeville, in the far West, seventy-five miles from the railroad, and find there one of the oldest as well as the most modern forms of illumination.

XXV.

THE OLD FLORENCE CAMP.

I WAS obliged to stay in Grangeville longer than I had any intention, because the roads were in such bad shape that the stage decided not to take its regular daily trip. This forced me to hunt up a private conveyance, and it was noon when I at last got away on my fifty mile journey. The day was very pleasant and the air bracing. Getting out of Grangeville we struck a long, winding road through Mount Idaho that seemed to be endless and everlastingly uphill. Nevertheless we managed to reach the summit at last. The going was exceedingly bad; in many places our horses sank into the mud up to their knees, and it would have been cruel to make them go faster than a walk.

The landlord at the hotel in Grangeville had said that we would find the road better after we got out of the woods, and as we never did get out of them he was probably right.

At one place we passed a man who was putting timber down to make a kind of corduroy road, and

when I complained to him about the terrible condition of the road, he remarked:

"You will find them better now; I've been a-workin' on 'em."

But his partiality for the truth was not of much account, because the roads became even worse as we went further.

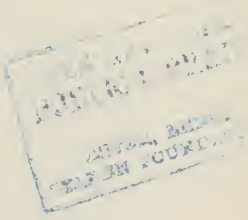
When leaving Grangeville I was told that I could not reach Florence in one day and I found I would have to stay at Adams Camp over night, about twenty-five miles on the way. I soon discovered that my driver had never been over the road before and was as much of a stranger to it as I was. For a larger part of the way our road lay through an immense forest, just wide enough for one vehicle, so that in passing a conveyance coming in the opposite direction we would have to look for a "turn out" place, which was provided for every mile or so on one or the other side of the road. We passed one or two houses, but no other signs of civilization were to be seen. The sun was quite warm, but where the road was heavily timbered it was cold and I had to wear my sweater and gum coat pretty much all day.

We met a few persons of whom we inquired the way, and when we would ask: "How far to Adams

Camp?" at first the answer was about twelve miles; then it was about fifteen miles, and so on until it appeared that the further we traveled the longer the distance seemed to be to reach our stopping place for the night. We finally reached what seemed to be the crown or top of the mountain, and away off to our left some forty miles could be seen the "Hump," a great mountain in the shape of the well-known hump of the buffalo; hence its name.

At this point there was a new mining camp just opened, which I believe had then a population of 3,000 or 4,000. All the supplies for this camp had to be hauled by wagon from Lewiston to Adams Camp, a distance of one hundred miles, where they were unloaded and then placed on the backs of horses and taken into camp some twenty miles further. The road from Adams Camp to the Hump was an old trail and vehicles could not travel it at all, so that everything for this little community of 3,000 or 4,000 persons had to be packed on the backs of horses. We met quite a number of these pack trains going and coming, and also met a number of "freighters" of large wagons, hauled by four and six horses, whose business it is to carry supplies from Lewiston to Grangeville and to Adams

Adams Camp, Idaho.



Camp, traveling as far as they can each day and going into camp wherever night overtakes them.

Sometimes the Hump seemed to be quite near to us, and then again a turn in the road would change the whole appearance of it. Thus we went on for a greater part of the afternoon, and I was really beginning to wonder if we ever would get to Adams Camp at all. It was gradually getting dusk and we soon found ourselves in a dense wood, where it was pitch dark and we could not see the road at all. My driver gave his horses their head and let them find the way as best they could.

We were going down a terrible hill, trusting entirely to the horses, when we heard a clatter of hoofs behind us. We stopped our team and were passed by two men on horseback, one of whom turned out to be a mining engineer on his way to the Hump, and who was going to stop at Adams Camp for the night. With him was an Englishman, who was out there looking after some property. We greeted them with the same question, "How far to Adams Camp?" and to our satisfaction we were told: "Just a mile; when you get around the turn you can see the light."

We hurried on as best we could, and sure enough there was a "light in the window." Way down

the valley, at the foot of this terrible hill, the light of Adams Camp could be seen; not very much of a light, but it was enough to let us know we were within reach of our stopping place for the night. No light was ever more welcome to me than this was, for I was cold, tired, hungry and sleepy, and for the last two hours had felt that there was a good prospect of having to sleep out in the woods all night, without having made any provision for this sort of experience. Was it any wonder that I was glad to know that there was some shelter in sight?

We arrived at the camp about half-past eight. Mr. Pew, the proprietor, made us welcome. The mining engineer, who had gone before us, proved himself a good friend in ordering supper for us, and about the time we arrived this meal was announced.

We found at the camp some twenty-five or thirty miners, prospectors, etc., all of whom were going to or coming from the Hump.

Adams Camp was not much of a place and did not look very inviting to a weary traveler, but there was not another human habitation within fifteen miles, hence I had to make the best of the worst and be satisfied. The place consisted of two log houses,

one of which was occupied by the proprietor and his family and the other was for the lodgers.

I was agreeably surprised when the supper was brought before me, because it really was much better than I expected, but I have since come to the conclusion that I should probably have expressed a different opinion if I had not been made so very hungry by that awful drive.

The guests at this place were composed of men from almost every walk of life. Two of these, the mining engineer, who seemed to be very bright and intelligent, and the Englishman, I had already met. We sat around the office after supper smoking our pipes and listening to all kinds of mining stories. This lasted until ten o'clock, when our landlord came in, and without asking "by your leave," he walked right into the middle of our sociable circle.

"Here, you," he addressed one of the guests, "you sleep with him," pointing to another; and so he went around the crowd until we were all disposed of to his satisfaction.

I thought at the time that this was a very extraordinary proceeding and it struck me as very ludicrous, but no one seemed to think it out of the ordinary, so it must have been the custom of Adams Camp. I will therefore say no more about it.

I was exceedingly tired and as soon as I got to bed went to sleep. According to the account of the Englishman, however, there must have been quite a racket going on in our room during the night, because he complained long and loudly at breakfast the next morning of a man who had snored as if a whole drove of pigs had been driven through the place.

I got another sample of the abruptness of our landlord when he came to wake us. He just strode into the room with a lighted lantern, shook it over our beds and then said, "Get up!" after which expression he turned away without any further ado.

At six o'clock I jumped into my rig once more to complete the last stage of my trip to Florence, where I arrived about noon. In the sixties this was a very flourishing place, and many millions of gold were taken out of the ground here. Even now there are miners hard at work at the old camp, and when I passed through they seemed to be still getting some gold.

But Florence is now practically abandoned. It has one store, a few saloons and a hotel. At the latter I stopped for the night, and I found it a typical miners' home.

I had some business to attend to here, which I transacted in the afternoon, and early the following morning I had my team headed once more for Grangeville. The weather had changed over night for the better. The sun was shining, the roads were somewhat dried up, and our going was therefore correspondingly easier. We passed Adams Camp at noon and stopped for dinner, arriving in Grangeville early in the afternoon.

We had found a considerable amount of traffic on the road, consisting of freighters and pack trains, all bound for the mines at Buffalo Hump. Some of these pack trains counted thirty and forty head of horses, and quite a few were in charge of Nez Perce Indians. This reminds me that we also met several parties of Indians, men, women and children, all on horseback, going in every direction.

In Grangeville I stopped over night and the following morning climbed once more into the stage coach to make my return to Lewiston and then to Spokane, where I was delighted to find some letters and papers from home. On this trip I had two stage companions who were typical prospectors. They had come in from the "Hump" and were on their way to Seattle.

This little side trip to Florence had been a very rough journey, but on the whole it was an altogether new experience to me, and I did not think the time and trouble wasted. I had often heard of the romance connected with stage coach traveling, but now that I had ridden in an old-fashioned stage myself for 300 miles, I found there was little romance in it.

XXVI.

SEATTLE AND TACOMA.

FROM Spokane I went to Seattle by the Great Northern Railroad, a ride which lasted all the next day. But I found some acquaintances on the train, and as we also passed through some very interesting sections of the country, the time slipped by very agreeably.

For some distance the formation reminded me of the "Palisades" on a small scale. Then we struck a section of desert, where an insignificant growth of sage brush and alkali were the prominent features.

But going down the Wenatchee Valley the country was more interesting. The soil and the general appearance of the land are very much like Southern California, and a very extensive system of irrigation is being introduced. The Japanese trade winds, so called, predominate in this valley, which produce a mild, pleasant climate, not unlike the climate of Southern California.

As we passed through the Tum Water Canon we saw a beautiful stream rushing, rippling and tumbling along, and this river, with the immense forest trees on either side, presented a fine piece of scenery.

Soon we arrived at the foot of the Cascade Mountains and from here our train began to climb higher and higher until we reached what is known as the eastern end of the Switchback Railroad, which takes you clean over the mountains.

This switchback railroad consists of a system of switches or zigzags, of which there are three on the eastern and five on the western side of the mountain. The greatest elevation is 4,000 feet, and these switchbacks lift the train 650 feet to the summit, and then the western switchbacks let it down on the other side. On the eastern side we were surrounded by a regular winter scene. It was snowing and sleeting, but when we arrived on the opposite side we were landed in a heavy fog and mist.

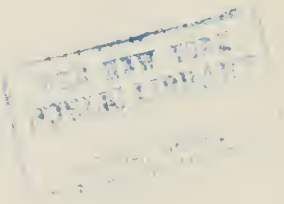
The railroad is now constructing a tunnel through the Cascade Mountain, and the Switchback Railroad I mentioned will soon be a thing of the past.

The temperature was now much milder, although we were still surrounded by this heavy mist, which is said to prevail in that part of the country on account of the mild Chinoock winds.

I got into Seattle at eight o'clock in the evening and had no difficulty in finding a comfortable hotel.

Seattle impressed me as a very prosperous city, no doubt the result of the Klondike excitement,

Ostrich Farm, California.



which was then at its height. The place is laid out somewhat like San Francisco, with triangles at the corner of the main street. The railroad station is located at the water front, and it is built on a wharf constructed of piles, which extend over the water. The city has some fine stores and buildings, and the people move about as if they were all very busy. Dealing in mine supplies seems to be the chief trade. While I was there the steamer Humboldt sailed for the Klondike crowded from bow to stern with freight and passengers, and the scene on the wharf just before sailing time was very interesting. The Klondike was the sole topic of conversation.

"Are you going in again?" "When did you come out?" "Did you sell your claims?" and "How did you get along in there?" were the questions one heard on all sides.

I did not like the weather of Seattle. It was not exactly raining, but there was a drizzle falling constantly, which compelled one to keep an umbrella up all the time. The elevator boy in the hotel shared this feeling with me. He told me they never had any snow in Seattle in the winter, nothing but rain, rain.

When I left Seattle I took a small steamer called the "Flyer," which carried me to Tacoma, thirty

miles away, in about an hour. I enjoyed this ride on the Grand Puget Sound very much.

The situation of the city of Tacoma is very beautiful, it being located on a bluff, and when I landed there I found myself at the foot of a long winding road, something similar to the Cleveland landing.

One of the very first sights I saw was a very large mountain in the distance, seventy miles away; which I was told is Mount Tacoma. In Seattle they call this same peak Mount Rainer, which is a distinction without a difference.

Tacoma had a boom some twenty years ago, but nothing but a memory has remained. This memory is visible in the shape of beautiful buildings erected out of Pompeiian brick, which would be an ornament to New York or Chicago. The City Hall is built of the same material, and it is large enough for a city three times the size of Tacoma. The very fine Grand Opera House is abandoned, and numerous stores and office buildings are idle. The city has also a very attractive park; indeed, Tacoma is altogether a delightful city, but, to use a vulgarism, "there is nothing doing."

I met some nice people while I was there and they helped me to pass the greater part of a day very pleasantly.

XXVII.

CALIFORNIA.

LEAVING Tacoma by a night train, I arrived the the following morning in Portland, Ore.

Portland is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen. It is a remarkably clean place, full of fine business houses, stores and residences. Every home seemed to be surrounded by a complete flower garden. Roses and sweet peas were in bloom everywhere, and strawberries could be had in abundance. The climate seems to be delightful, and as the weather was magnificent while I was there, you can readily understand why my impressions of Portland are so pleasant. Being then the month of September, the many flowers and blossoms were quite a revelation to me, and one of my first thoughts was that this ought to be called the "Flowery City."

I stopped at the Portland, and if there is a finer hotel anywhere on the coast I have not seen it.

I noticed a number of boats on the Willamette river, which floats by here, that were a sort of cross

between the side-wheeler and our well-known stern wheel boats of the Monongahela and Ohio.

One remarkable thing I observed in Portland, and that was that the chimney sweeps are great advertisers. It was not an unusual sight to see men going along the streets with large cards on their hats, calling the attention of the passerby to the fact that John Smith or Jim Brown are the best chimney sweeps in all Portland.

I took a ride up the hill overlooking the city, from where I enjoyed a beautiful view. Away off to the right I saw Mt. St. Helena, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood. I had fallen in love with this city and I was sorry when I had to take my departure.

On my way to San Francisco I stopped over for one day at the famous Shasta Springs. The scenery along the railroad from Portland is quite varied. In some places it is dreary like the desert, but in some parts of the Siskiyu Valley we passed immense fruit ranches. I was riding in the observation car for the most part of the afternoon, and as our iron horse puffed and snorted its way over the winding track I had almost constantly a view of grand "Old Mount Shasta," which is 15,000 feet high and snow-capped.

MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

At Shasta Springs I spent a very restful day; indeed, I felt that I was greatly in need of a little rest after my constant traveling of the last ten days under all conditions of weather and discomforts. I indulged in the celebrated Shasta Spring water, I took a number of photographs of the surroundings and lounged around generally until the evening, when I took the train for the city of the Golden Gate.

I had been in San Francisco before, and in returning I simply renewed old acquaintances by going to the Cliff House, doing Chinatown and taking in all the other well-known sights of the metropolis of California. The most interesting feature of the city at this time was the garrison of the soldier boys at the "Presidio." When I was out there I saw some 12,000 soldiers in camp. Many of them had just returned from Manila, others were about to go there, and many more were volunteers who anxiously looked forward to the day when they would receive orders to go home again.

Los Angeles, the City of Angels, which was my next stopping place, I found as clean and inviting as ever. There was quite an excitement going on when I arrived on account of the new oil fields which had been recently discovered, and the town was crowded with prospectors and oil operators.

One characteristic individual of Los Angeles that has always attracted my attention is the "Hot Tamale" man, of whom you see many with their wagons along the streets in the evening, yelling "Hot Tamale!" at the top of their voices. I once tried to eat one, but never again.

There are so many attractive sights about Los Angeles that it is always difficult to know where to begin first. You must go to Santa Monica, one of the most beautiful seaside resorts on the Pacific Ocean, and you must go to the "National" soldiers' home. You must visit the "Old Mission," erected by the old mission fathers, you should go to Catalina Island, and you must go to Old Spanish town, which consists of a lot of adobe houses that were built years and years ago and are now in a state of dilapidation.

From Los Angeles I went to Pasadena to pay a visit to the ostrich farm, which is, I believe, one of the few in America. There were about seventy or eighty ostriches there at that time, all kept in separate corrals. Some I saw as big as a pigeon; they were a day old, and others I saw as large as a full-grown turkey, and I was told they were six weeks old. The ostriches are kept for their plumes, and they are plucked from two to three times a year.

I next went to St. Gabriel Mission, which is perhaps one of the most celebrated landmarks in California. The building has now been standing for about 130 years, and it is still in a very excellent state of preservation. It is a very fine representation of old Spanish architecture and its lines are simply beautiful. It measures one hundred and fifty by sixty feet. The entrance is on one side, where there is also a stairway which leads up to the choir loft. In the interior are yet found a number of old Spanish paintings that were brought by the mission fathers from the land of their birth. The seats and benches are very quaint. The building is still used for religious services, and the congregation numbers from seven to eight hundred members.

In Pasadena I observed them use oil for a purpose I had never heard of. They sprinkled the streets with it, and apparently the effect was the same upon the dust which it has upon troubled waters. I was told that it was quite economical.

Going back to Los Angeles that evening, I started on another little trip the next day for the San Bernardino Valley.

I stopped at Redlands, a town replete with magnificent homes, surrounded by beautiful grounds, tropical plants, flowers and fruits. The drives about

there were very beautiful, and you might go for hours imagining yourself in some tropical country.

At Riverside I took a drive on Magnolia Avenue, which I consider one of the most glorious treats this continent affords. The avenue, as is well known, is 200 feet wide and about 17 miles long. On each side grow a row of palm trees, while right through the middle and parallel with the outer rows stands a line of magnificent pepper trees. Adding to this you get everywhere a sight of the most beautiful orange and lemon groves.

Another drive I took to Arlington Heights and the Anchorage, and I gathered a delicious assortment of oranges, lemons, grape fruit, figs, English walnuts and almonds.

The next morning I returned to Los Angeles.

XXVIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

IT WAS now getting near the time when I had to begin thinking about turning my face home once more, and it was with a feeling of considerable regret that I began to gather my effects together to start on the journey East.

It seemed to me that I should like to stay in California forever, because, although this was not the first time that I had visited the glorious sights of this earthly paradise, everything appeared to me as attractive as ever. But the inexorable call of duty willed it otherwise, and one Wednesday morning found me on the railroad platform at Los Angeles ready to take the ride which would eventually land me again in the Smoky City.

The journey was not tedious, because I was fortunate in finding some congenial fellow-passengers on the train, merchants going East, an engineer who was going to Michigan, a traveling man from Indianapolis and a broker from Chicago.

I had chosen the Santa Fe route, and after traveling about one hundred miles out of Los Angeles we

came in sight of the desert land. The next day, Thursday, we were in a section of the country which reminded me very much of the Bad Lands, because it had a peculiar, rough formation. We saw very few ranch houses in all this day's travel. The train did not stop often, stations being few and far between, and the day was warm and dusty. We crossed the continental divide at an altitude of 7,284 feet, and at one place there was a flock of Indians waiting on the platform. They were Navagos wanting to sell us trinkets and pottery ware. They were a very dirty lot, and I wondered more than ever how it happened that ever anyone had spoken of the "Noble Red Man."

On Friday morning after we had passed New Mexico an accident happened to our engine, and this delayed us until eleven o'clock before we got to Raton, where we should have had breakfast four hours ago. While the Santa Fe route is very excellent, the fact that they have no dining cars on their trains is a great objection, because travelers are subjected to delays for various causes, which greatly interfere with their appetites and occasion much inconvenience.

We traveled through Colorado on Friday morning, coming into Kansas in the afternoon to get our sup-

per eventually at Dodge City, the old cowboy town. In Kansas City we landed on Saturday morning, and I was glad to notice that from now on our train carried a dining car.

Without any further incidents worthy of note we came to Chicago Saturday evening, and at 5:30 o'clock on the following day, Sunday evening, I returned home.

And this ends my story.

I had now been away from home three months, had traveled about ten thousand miles and had passed through about twenty states and territories. I traveled by boat, by train, by stage coach and on horseback. I had ridden probably one thousand miles on the back of my pony. I slept in my tarp out in the open air for six weeks, had suffered extreme heat, as well as severe cold, had lived among the Indians, with cowboys, ranchmen, soldiers, Indian fighters, stage drivers and what not; in fact, in the language of Walter Besant, I had met "all sorts and conditions of men." I had not been seriously ill at all, and the trip was one of great pleasure and satisfaction. I had enjoyed the air of absolute unconventionalism, and I had revelled in the fascinations of free Western life.

To those who have followed me in my travels through this little book I simply would say: Instead of taking a trip to Europe, go out to the Bad Lands, go through the Yellowstone, go to the coast, and if you are in any way susceptible to the grandeur, the incomparable beauty and the matchless fascinations of your own country, perchance you will come back a better, bigger and broader American than you ever were.

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